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## EARL RUSSELL AT NEWCASTLE.

LORD RUSSELL enjoys some of the advantages of posthumous fame without the preliminary drawback which, for the most part, diminishes its value. It is his peculiar good fortune to have completed a remarkable career while he may still reasonably look forward to opportunities of political activity and eminence. The honours which he has received in the Northern counties are happily timed, and, on the whole, they are well deserved. The defects of his character and the shortcomings of his political life might perhaps furnish some materials to an unfriendly biographer; but it is impossible to hold for thirty years the position which Lord JOHN RUSSELL has occupied, except by the exercise of moral and intellectual qualities which are not possessed by ordinary men. He was one of the most vigorous and effective of party leaders at a time when parties were defined by sharper lines of distinction than at present. In many of the principal departments of the State he has shown considerable administrative ability, and he held the office of Prime Minister for a longer period than any other statesman since the death of Lord LIVERPOOL. In the highest post, he was less successful than in other great employments, and his colleagues and followers have in general transferred their personal allegiance to a leader who excels him in tact and steadiness of purpose; but it is highly to Lord JOHN RUSSELL's credit that he has known how to retain the second position in the State with dignity and with general approval. His tenure of the Foreign Office has revived a reputation which at one time seemed to be fading; and, with the exception of Lord PALMERSTON, the former leader of the Reformers still possesses greater public influence than any other Liberal politician.

With Liberals out of doors, especially in provincial constituencies, Lord JOHN RUSSELL was always a favourite. If he modified his conduct with a prudent regard to circumstances, he never altered his language, and local politicians always like to hear the phrases to which they have been accustomed. Differences with colleagues and intervals of Parliamentary unpopularity passed without observation among the steady traditional votaries of "civil and religious liberty." Down to a recent period, Lord JOHN RUSSELL constantly revived the recollection of his early exploits by a sincere pertinacity in devising fresh Reform Bills; and even when, in the present year, he publicly acquiesced in the abandonment of his cherished projects, his admirers were aware that he was only a late and unwilling convert to the opinion of the entire community. In his speech at Newcastle, he wisely dwelt on the domestic reforms which have been justified by experience, without alluding to further changes which would be unseasonable even if they were abstractedly desirable. Parliamentary and municipal reform have been found eminently beneficial; and Lord RUSSELL, though he was not a principal promoter of Free-trade, recognises the natural connexion of sound economic doctrines with the principles of political liberty. The progress of the country during thirty years fully justifies the complacent retrospect of a statesman who has, for an entire generation, taken a leading part in public affairs. In a speech remarkable for the absence of egotistical pretension, he was careful to acknowledge the services of his former colleagues and allies. In the North, the first Lord DURHAM perhaps still enjoys local fame; but the audience probably heard for the first time of the merits of Lord DUNCANNON. Sir JAMES GRAHAM's versatile career has almost obliterated the recollection of his share in the Reform Bill, and Lord GREY himself scarcely retains the popular reputation which he formerly acquired and deserved. In common belief, Lord RUSSELL is regarded as the author of Parliamentary Reform; and his name is, with good reason, associated with the establishment

of the modern municipal system. He judged prudently in leaving to others the celebration of his achievements, while he claimed for himself the credit of having been influenced by motives of public interest from his first entrance into public life. Lord RUSSELL's worst enemies never accused him of engaging as a selfish adventurer in a contemptible political game. Young aspirants to political distinction may derive from the well-founded boast of a successful and veteran statesman the valuable lesson that duty is nobler than ambition.

It was not to be expected that a Foreign Secretary would take the opportunity of revealing any of the secrets of European politics. Lord RUSSELL was certain of the sympathy of his audience when he spoke of the independence of Italy, and it is not surprising that he is found as helpless as any non-official politician in dealing with the practical dilemma of Rome. The difficulty which is produced by French vanity and cupidity can only be removed by the wisdom and energy of the Italian Government. As Lord RUSSELL said, it is impossible for England to take an active part in the solution of a problem which is assumed to concern the Roman Catholic world. The suggestion that the POPE's spiritual power would be increased by the surrender of his temporal sovereignty furnishes one of the conventional arguments which are sometimes more convenient than serious reasons. It might have been answered that neither Lord RUSSELL nor the inhabitants of Newcastle and its neighbourhood expected or desired the ecclesiastical aggrandizement of the Holy See. If Romanism were likely to become more generally dominant when VICTOR EMMANUEL takes possession of the Vatican, the advocates of freedom might be inclined to prefer the existing political anomaly to the moral and intellectual degradation of mankind. The POPE understands better the value of the proffered gifts of his enemies, and, if it were possible for him to maintain his position, he would be fully justified in refusing to retreat even over the bridge of gold which is constructed for his convenience. Father PASSAGLIA, as a good Catholic, was bound to persuade himself and others that the interests of the Church were identical with the dictates of common sense and of patriotism. Lord RUSSELL, who had been reading the pamphlet of the Italian divine, somewhat thoughtlessly addressed to Newcastle schismatics the argument which could alone reconcile Roman ecclesiastics to a sound conclusion. So zealous a Protestant may safely allow the POPE and Cardinals to devise the means of compensating the Church for her loss of secular greatness. If it should be found by experience that the Scarlet Lady pines at a distance from the Seven Hills, the great majority of Englishmen would not regret her misfortunes. The spiritual advantages of Papal adversity form part of a consecrated fiction, and heretics only throw discredit on a plausible and useful theory by repeating sanguine anticipations which they by no means wish to see realized. It is for the sake of Italy, and not from regard to the Holy See, that Lord RUSSELL will, on fit occasions, exert his diplomatic influence for the removal of the intrusive French garrison.

In the American civil war, absolute neutrality is more indispensable than in European struggles. The English Government would not be justified in attempting the forced liberation of Rome and Venice, nor in interfering between Hungary and Austria; but individuals are fully entitled to express their good wishes for the triumph of justice and freedom. The war between the Northern and Southern States admits of no legitimate adhesion to the cause of either belligerent. The Confederates are fighting for slavery, and their enemies are fighting, not for abolition, but for conquest. A partisan must have a definite wish, though he may be unable to promote its accomplishment, but a dispassionate foreigner contemplating the American struggle is at a loss even for

a result which he can fairly consider desirable. The triumph of the South would for the time tend to establish more firmly the monstrous system which slave-holding sophists have developed from an accident into a permanent social law. On the other hand, the most complete victory which the Free States could achieve would, as Lord Russell observed, only revive, together with the Union, the old and insoluble problem of slavery. It is not too much to say that not a single speaker or writer on the Republican side has suggested any possible method of restoring in practice the Federal Constitution. The South has for years treated the Northern States with hostility and contempt, and it is absurd to suppose that at the end of an envenomed conflict the defeated party will co-operate with the conquerors in Congress, or in the election of a common President. Lord Russell has uniformly expressed his regret for the disruption of the great Western Republic, and the sincerity of his good-will cannot be doubted when he recommends the cessation of a ruinous and purposeless war. Washington politicians will quote his speech as a proof of the inveterate perversity of English statesmen, but there can be no doubt that the private opinion of enlightened Americans coincides in a great measure with the unanimous advice of judicious foreigners. The sentimental partisanship of philanthropic coteries is too remote from the motives and issues of the war to influence even the angry patriots who know that they are fighting for any object rather than for the abolition of slavery.

In the peroration of his speech, Lord Russell referred, with skilful good taste, to the foreign policy which it was allowable to praise in connexion with the name of Lord Palmerston. The Prime Minister might not be popular on the Continent, but his enemies only accused him of excessive devotion to English interests. His habitual encouragement of all national aspirations to freedom coincided with the uniform wishes of his countrymen. The Foreign Secretary, to use his own translation of a classical commonplace, was conspicuous by his absence from the eulogy which he bestowed on his colleague and chief. As in all similar instances, Lord Russell's share in a Liberal foreign policy was the better remembered, because it was not obtruded on the attention of the audience. *Præfulgebat quia non videbatur*. The words which had not been uttered were nevertheless echoed back in the merited acclamations of the enthusiastic multitude.

#### DEMOCRATIC IMPERIALISM.

MR. EVERETT'S panegyric upon Prince Napoleon at Boston would hardly, in ordinary times, have called for any special notice. Its epithets are not more bombastic, and its history is not more mythical, than may be found in many similar specimens of American eloquence. Indeed, the orator deserves credit for unusual delicacy and discretion in omitting from his review of the events which have connected the Bonapartes with America all allusion to the sojourn of Prince Napoleon's father in the United States. A less observant or less practised courtier might have tried to weave a compliment out of the conquests which Jerome effected in Baltimore, and the memories he left behind him. But Mr. Everett's courtliness is no new feature in the character of our democratic cousins. Whatever their faults may be, the most censorious critic has never accused them of any forgetfulness of the reverence due to hereditary rank. Even if Mr. Everett should seem to have exceeded the usual measure of his countrymen in the adulation which he showered upon his chivalrous guest, it must be remembered that in those latitudes the effulgence of an Imperial Prince, the possible heir of a despotic throne, and so illustrious for virtue at home and gallantry abroad, is a rare, almost an epochal phenomenon. A courtier's native impulses, accumulated for years, and vented at last in one speech, may naturally seem to have found an expression too intense. It was the first hearty meal of grandeur after a long starvation—the first free gush of a long-imprisoned reverence for Princes.

But in the present crisis of affairs, Mr. Everett's speech has an importance analogous to that of the Baconian straw. It is evident enough that tempestuous changes of some kind are threatening to burst over American institutions, and all observers are eagerly straining their eyes to discover some indication that will help them to guess which way the wind will blow. In this view, Mr. Everett's speech is well worthy of being studied. The tenderness for Imperialism which breathes through it marks something more than the usual inflation of American rhetoric, or even than the prudent policy of an old diplomatist. If policy controlled the

expression of their feelings at this time, the Americans would not rave so madly against England. It lies in the hand of any maritime Power, at any moment, to paralyse the North in their contest with the South by the simple process of raising the blockade; and England is the greatest of maritime Powers. Yet the civility of the Americans has been reserved for Russia, which can do them neither good nor harm, and for France, whose power to befriend them is comparatively limited; while all the copiousness of their rich vocabulary of vituperation is reserved for England. There is no policy in this. It is hearty, genuine feeling. There is something in England which repels them, something in France and Russia which attracts them. It is impossible to mistake the fact that the passion for strong government, which has made so much havoc in Europe, has seized hold of the heated imaginations and impetuous temper of American politicians. They have been infected by that impatience of obstruction or delay, that intolerance of antagonists in opinion or action, which will surely eat the life out of free institutions, whatever the written laws by which they are guarded. The things which revolt us in France and Russia have no horrors for them. Using force to crush and silence for ever a minority that has once been conquered is not repulsive to their ideas of political morality. They have done it constantly for many years, and are doing it more zealously every day; and the autocrats of France and Russia do no more. There can be little doubt that both those potentates hold their power with the willing acquiescence of the numerical majority of their people. This authority once obtained, no exception, according to American ideas, can be taken to acts of government performed under its sanction. Other differences are differences of form, imperfections of development, variations of national custom. The essential identity between the democracy and the despotisms is there—the same universal equality under one strong, unfettered, unrestricted Government, which is heartily supported by the numerical majority. The three Governments have all the sympathy which springs from a community of political principles. Many of the recent measures of the President and his Ministers during the last half year betray how completely the Napoleonic ideal of good government has sunk into the minds of American statesmen. Some of their proceedings in Maryland would not be unworthy of their Imperial exemplars. The arrest of the newly-elected members of the legislative Assembly before they had had time to meet, without any form of law or any prospect of a trial, merely because President Lincoln conceived that they possibly might, in their legislative capacity, do acts at variance with his interpretation of the American constitution, was as perfect an act of despotism as can be conceived. It leaves in the shade all the minor tyrannies of which Baltimore has been the scene—the domiciliary visits, the arrests of women for wearing treasonable ribbons, and so forth. It was a *coup d'état* in every essential feature. Every argument by which it can be justified will justify the Second of December. The accident that, by reason of the meekness of the people of Baltimore, it was bloodless, in no way alters its character. The forcible arrest of political antagonists by the Chief of the State, on the alleged but unproved ground that they meditated using their legislative powers for traitorous ends, is a description which fits with equal exactitude the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon and the *coup d'état* of Abraham Lincoln. It is a measure which far outstrips the acts that are the ordinary reproach of "strong" governments. Laws may be lenient or severe, tolerant or repressive; but so long as they are observed, be they what they may, the perfection of despotism has not been reached. But when the will of one man is above them and beyond them, even to the extent of imprisoning at discretion the elected representatives of the people, then the very shadow of freedom has passed away.

Such acts, perpetrated in the very first outset of a period of struggle, are ominous for the future of the country if the struggle should last, or at any future time recur. A foreboding critic might gather omens equally dark from other portions of Mr. Everett's speech. He appears fully to have made up his mind as to what is the fitting remedy for political disorder. The language in which he speaks of the revolution of the 18th Brumaire shows how the material prosperity which is fostered by a strong government atones, in the eyes of an American statesman, for any multitude of sins—"That marvellous event, which brought France out of the chaos of the revolution, reopened her temples, tribunals, and schools, retrieved her dilapidated



"finances, and raised her prostrate industry from the dust," &c. "Chaos" is a term rapidly becoming applicable to the condition of the Northern Republic; it is no stretch of language now to call her finances "dilapidated;" and the commercial accounts leave very little doubt that a few months more will see her industry thoroughly "prostrate in the dust." Are we to conclude that, if such a consummation comes to pass, Mr. EVERETT will look without unkindness upon any "marvellous event" that shall send the PRESIDENT and the Ministry to Fort La Fayette, and lay "a strong arm to the helm of the State?" It is probable that he does not yet, avowedly to himself, contemplate such a remedy. But the tone in which he speaks of the 18th Brumaire—the armed overthrow of a representative Government and the establishment of a despotism in its room—shows how little it would shock his principles as a politician. Indeed, he has seen its beginning and it has not shocked him. His voice is not usually silent when a slur is cast upon his country's good name. Last year, he came forward as the champion of American institutions against Lord GREY, who had criticised them in the House of Lords. It had been charged against America that all the barriers against democracy which the statesmen of the Revolution had set up had been swept away; and Mr. EVERETT replied, that one of "the great constitutional checks of this kind"—the independent rights of each State—had not been swept away, but had been jealously preserved. It was scarcely a year ago that he uttered this defence. He can hardly deceive himself into the belief that this constitutional check is in existence still. He boasted then, that some of the best of English institutions, such as trial by jury and a free press, were American institutions also. The boast can scarcely be repeated now. They have been replaced by the more Napoleonic institutions of a trial before an irresponsible police, and a press under the censure of the Post Office officials. This tremendous change has gone on before his eyes; yet neither he nor any of the rest of the small band of cultivated men who still take part in American politics have raised their voices to arrest it. It is to be presumed that he does not greatly disapprove of that in which he silently acquiesces. It is not without reason that he comes forward now as the panegyrist of the NAPOLEONS. Democracy is beginning to shake itself free of claptrap phrases and conventional professions, and to recognise its natural friends. For ten years past the pamphleteers of Imperialism have loudly professed that it is democratic, and the time has now come for the orators of Democracy with great truth to return the compliment.

#### LORD PALMERSTON ON CRAMMING.

WHATEVER Lord PALMERSTON patronizes, whether it be Evangelical religion, prize-fighting, or cramming and competitive examinations, we may be sure is for the moment at the height of popularity. We know, therefore, that in saying a word against cramming or competitive examinations after the PREMIER's late speech in favour of them, we are speaking against public opinion. We should perhaps do this with more diffidence if we felt assured that public opinion on this matter had been calmly and independently formed. But we feel assured, on the contrary, that the present rage for competitive examinations and the cramming which is their necessary concomitant arises directly out of a violent reaction. The University of Oxford, which so unexpectedly leads the cry, is a remarkable illustration of the general fact. Only a few years ago, she was the victim of a system of close fellowships and closeness generally, which outraged every principle of justice, and directly discouraged industry and merit. Under that system, a man became fellow and tutor of a College, not because he was fit to be a member of a literary community and to instruct students, but because he had been on the right side of a hedge. At some Colleges, elections were flagrantly and impudently jobbed by family or personal interest. Unprivileged merit, after attaining barren honours, saw the solid prizes wrested from it by privileged indolence and dullness. But, as usual, those who suffered most were the privileged, many of whom wore their lives away in utter uselessness as Fellows of Colleges, when they might have become useful men if they had been sent out into their proper sphere. That people fresh from the evils of such a state of things as this should rush into the opposite extreme was most natural, but perhaps their deliberate judgment will hereafter be for a middle course. The University of Cambridge, which never suffered materially

from close fellowships or jobbery—and which was, in fact, included with Oxford in the University Reform Act much as the ape was tied up in the sack with parricides at Rome—takes a much more moderate line than Oxford, and the chances are, we submit, that her judgment is nearer the truth. In the same way, a violent reaction has set in against the jobbing of appointments in public offices. It is, of course, a most laudable and salutary reaction. But it is a reaction, not a deliberate judgment, such as settles things permanently on the best principles. And this the public will discover in the long run.

Meantime, the PREMIER mounts jauntily on the rising tide, and finds that in this, as in other respects, it is the best of all possible worlds. Perhaps he may be induced to think of extending the system of competitive examination to bishoprics, or at least to sound Lord SHAFTESBURY on that subject. But the argument he used at Southampton proves only that evergreen PREMIERS, like charming women, may sometimes talk of things which they do not understand. For it amounts in substance to this—that there is not, and cannot be, such a thing as useless and promiscuous cramming. "Some people say that competitive examination leads to a system of 'cramming'; and it is often the case, that when mankind seize upon a word they imagine that word to be an argument, and they go about repeating it, thinking they have arrived at some great and irresistible conclusion; and when they say 'cramming,' they think they have utterly discredited the system to which the word is applied. These men imagine that the human mind is like a bottle, and that when you have filled it with anything, you pour that out again, and it remains as empty as it was before. But that is not the nature of the human mind. A boy who has been 'crammed,' as it is said, has in point of fact learned a great deal, and that learning has accomplished two objects. It has, in the first place, 'exercised the faculties of the mind in being 'crammed,' and in the next place, there remains in his mind a great portion of the knowledge so acquired, which forms the basis of after descriptions of human knowledge." When a man gets up and talks about a subject to which he has never given five minutes' attention in his life, it is not very surprising that he should talk even such nonsense as this. Does Lord PALMERSTON mean to say that it is not possible to overwork a boy in preparing for an examination—that it is not possible to overload his memory with facts which are not digested by his understanding—or that it is not possible by such a process to disgust him with intellectual pursuits? Does he mean to say that no boy's understanding has ever been known to be the worse for such treatment? Let him ask any one who has had the slightest experience of education, and see whether these slapdash assertions will be confirmed. He will be told, if we mistake not, that the human mind is not only capable of being as completely emptied of useless and distasteful information which has been poured into it as a bottle is of being emptied of its contents, but that, whereas the bottle remains just as good as before, the "human mind" is very much the worse for the operation; and further, that, so far from the "cramming" "forming the basis for after descriptions of human knowledge," it renders "after descriptions of human knowledge" the object of utter disgust to the boy who has been crammed. When a public man pretends to pronounce with authority on a great question like this, he might be expected at least to prepare by picking up a little common information on the subject.

Lord PALMERSTON proceeds to compare the preparation for a competitive examination to the gymnastic exercises of soldiers. We wonder he did not at once compare it to a training for a prize-fight. This is the sort of view that people are beginning, under the prevailing system, to take of education. Instead of being a mode of making life happier and more useful, it is a mode of enabling yourself, by a great effort in an examination, to knock down your neighbour and take his place. But if Lord PALMERSTON compares cramming for a competitive examination to any exercises which permanently strengthen the muscles and produce bodily vigour, he again simply begs the question at issue. The powers of the mind which answer to the muscles of the body are not strengthened, but fatally weakened, by overtasking the memory; and many a boy's and many a man's enfeebled intellect is a melancholy proof of the fact. But of course it is idle, at present, to repeat these things, or to urge people to consider whether there can be any use in attracting a disproportionate amount of the talent of the country into the service of the public offices, any more than into any

other line of life necessary to the community. A violent movement in this direction, the consequence of long disregard of intellectual merit and neglect of education, has set in. Lord PALMERSTON perceives it, and runs shouting at its head. It must now take its course. A certain amount of mischief will be done to the national mind and character by the universal adoption of stimulants in place of duty. Education will be, to a certain extent, degraded by being turned into a vast system of competition. A certain number of boys will be drawn into a line of life which they will afterwards wish they had never entered. A certain number of understandings will be spoiled by "cramming." Then the teaching of experience will be acknowledged. The tide will turn; and the Lord PALMERSTON of that day will be jauntily running down what the Lord PALMERSTON of this day jauntily cries up.

#### AMERICA.

THE contest in America, like all other wars, is becoming, as it proceeds, more definite in its objects. The first wish of the North was to protect Washington from the attack which had been invited by the perfect impunity of the early progress of secession. The growing excitement soon produced a belief that, after turning the tide of invasion, the Federal armies would be able to occupy Richmond in the summer, and to reconquer the whole territory of the Slave States before the end of the year. The Confederates have probably been subject to similar illusions, but the extraordinary silence which their leaders have maintained from the beginning of the struggle reduces their movements and hopes to mere matters of conjecture. Both parties are now beginning to discover that the North and the South are really fighting to determine the future line of demarcation between two separate and independent Commonwealths. Before the commencement of the war, far-seeing Northern politicians would have been content to part with the Slave States if they could have ensured the remainder of the Union from the risk of disruption. But it was thought possible that Pennsylvania might follow the fortunes of Virginia, and that Kentucky might draw some portion of Ohio into the Southern Confederacy. Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS and his colleagues attained the end which they sought when they forced the Government of Washington to declare war; for four or five States which had hesitated answered Mr. LINCOLN's proclamation by immediate secession. On the other hand, the Northern armaments found their best justification in the temporary suppression of all sectional differences throughout the Free States. Western Virginia repudiated the Act of Secession; Kentucky announced an untenable neutrality; and Missouri, notwithstanding the open adhesion of the Governor to the cause of the South, has not yet been induced to join in resistance to the Union. The whole of the Free States have thus far been ostensibly unanimous, although the different tendencies of the West and of the Atlantic seaboard are every day displaying themselves more openly. The Border States, which are most divided within themselves by conflicting interests, have the misfortune of bearing the immediate brunt of the war. The Government of Washington retains Maryland in military possession, and with its main army it threatens Virginia with invasion. Its anxiety at this moment is principally directed to Missouri and Kentucky, where the allegiance of the population will probably be determined by the success of the contending forces.

The armies on the Potomac, notwithstanding their strength, seem for the present not to hold the issue of the struggle in their hands. The Federal leaders probably see that a victory in Northern Virginia would be barren of results, and General BEAUREGARD can scarcely retain any hope of capturing Washington. The commanders on both sides will endeavour to deter their opponents from sending reinforcements to the West, where the Confederates are making their most vigorous effort. The Federal Government, with a greater command of men and of money, has hitherto almost always found its forces outnumbered at the decisive point, but generals and officers must by this time have begun to learn their business, and material superiority of resources will ultimately produce its natural result. It is remarkable that both in Kentucky and in Missouri the Confederates have assumed the offensive. It is difficult to ascertain the feeling of the local population. In both States, the Governors have been overruled by the majority of the Legislatures in their attempts to adopt the

Southern alliance, but Kentucky has to the last attempted to maintain its neutrality, and it is scarcely probable that the Confederate leaders would make Missouri the seat of war unless they had been assured of ample support from their partisans in the State. General FREMONT's rash proclamation may possibly have created an excitement in favour of Southern institutions, which will be further developed by the capture of Lexington. Nevertheless, it appears impossible that Northern Missouri should ultimately remain united to the Southern Confederacy. The existence of slavery so far to the North was, from the first, an anomaly, and the social and economical objections to its existence will henceforth be aggravated by its close neighbourhood to a hostile or alien community.

The successes of the Confederate arms on the Missouri provoke peculiar dissatisfaction in the North-Western States, which have sent large contingents to the army at Washington. With the characteristic coarseness of American controversy, it is asked why the cowards of Massachusetts and New England cannot protect their own frontier, and leave the North-Western troops at liberty to open the valley of the Mississippi. The Fire Zouaves are reminded that they were among the most swift-footed fugitives at Bull's Run, and it is assumed, without any show of probability, that raw recruits from Iowa and Illinois would have stood more steadily by their colours. The New York journals reply, with undeniable force of logic, that, if the North-West aids in the defence of Washington, it is at the same time relieved from corresponding pressure, inasmuch as BEAUREGARD's forces include large contingents from the Lower Mississippi. If the hostile populations of the West were left to fight their own battles, both the main armies in Virginia would be equally weakened, while the countries which would become the principal seat of war would have no reason to rejoice at the increased number of the combatants. The quarrel is, for the moment, not likely to become serious, because it is the interest of all the Free States to carry on the war with vigour until the time for some practicable settlement arrives. The North-west is especially bent on retaining the command of the Mississippi, nor will it lay down its arms until it is secured by agreement from interference with the free navigation of the river. New York has less need of the South than Chicago, for a peace would restore the cotton trade to its former channel, unless a perverse tariff interrupts for a time the natural flow of commerce. It is not improbable that the Confederate Government will attempt to negotiate a separate peace with the States to the west of the Alleghanies. The great corn-producing districts have no interest in fostering artificial manufactures, and their geographical relations connect them with Louisiana rather than with Pennsylvania and New York. For the present, political feeling predominates over economical tendencies, but the Cabinet of Washington will do well to terminate the war before the residuary part of the Union has time to split asunder.

The PRESIDENT has probably exercised a sound discretion in not superseding General FREMONT. The loss of Lexington is not conclusive against the military reputation of the Western Commander-in-Chief; and while the hostile armies are preparing for an engagement, the political question of emancipation will be suspended. It is seldom prudent to dismiss a General on the eve of a battle; and if General FREMONT is inexperienced, no successor could be found who has had the opportunity of proving his capacity for command. In Kentucky, where the danger is less imminent, General ANDERSON has been recalled, without regard to the memory of his vaunted resistance at Fort Sumter. It is perhaps thought desirable that a native Kentuckian officer should be withdrawn from the contagion of local neutrality or disaffection. The attempt of the State to stand apart from the contest is perhaps more dangerous than open secession, inasmuch as it may probably be followed in districts which entertain little sympathy for the South. If exemption from taxes and from contributions of men could be reconciled with nominal loyalty, the external unanimity of the remaining members of the Union might soon be seriously compromised. If there are statesmen in America, they will make an effort to terminate the war before inherent incompatibility of interests and of character has betrayed itself in the form of further subdivision. The moderation of the Federal triumph on the change of BEAUREGARD's position before Washington shows that experience has already taught some useful lessons. The army which has been held in check for weeks by logs of wood painted in imitation of



heavy guns has not yet claimed a glorious victory because the enemy has found it convenient to withdraw his outposts. The telegraphs continue obstinately to announce imminent battles, but it is possible that both armies may retire into winter quarters before they have seriously compared their strength.

#### THE CORONATION OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

THERE is no country, not even England, where the great ceremonies and solemn occasions which mark the lives of the Sovereign affect the people more deeply and form a more conspicuous part of the national existence than in Prussia. The Kings of Prussia have been bound up with their subjects, have represented them, have identified themselves with the nation in a manner which has not been rivalled in England except during the reign of the present QUEEN and the brighter years of her grandfather, and has had scarcely any parallel elsewhere in Europe. At Vienna, the EMPEROR may be loved and admired. FRANCIS was known as the friend of the peasant. FERDINAND always spoke of the Viennese as his children. The present EMPEROR is looked on as the true type of the Austrian soldier. But the personal popularity of the Emperors of AUSTRIA only exists among a very small fraction of the confused mass of alien peoples that make up their Empire. In Prussia, with the partial exception of Prussian Poland, the nation generally regards its Sovereign with very much the same mind. Prussia has, indeed, been the creation of its rulers. It was the Great Elector and FREDERICK the GREAT who, in their several generations, turned the petty Duchy of Brandenburg into a first-rate European Power. It has always been the tradition of the Prussian people to acknowledge this, and to see in their Kings the creators and supporters of their unexpected fortune. On the other hand, it has always been the tradition of the Prussian Monarchs, in spite of the independent position secured to them by the extent of their private domains and their absolute control over the army, to associate the people with themselves. At the strange mediæval ceremony with which the late King of PRUSSIA inaugurated his reign, he appealed to the assembled multitude to trust in him and to aid him, and begged them to answer "Yes" in the loudest possible tone. This does not strike foreigners as very dignified or imposing, but it exactly expresses the homely intimacy of the relations which exist between prince and people in Prussia. A coronation is more in Prussia than it is in most countries. The great display that is now going on at Königsberg is more than a mere pageant. It is a new acceptance, a solemn ratification, of the historical connexion between the KING and the people; and the Prussians may have the satisfaction of thinking that the KING whom they are now crowning is a very good representative of some of the best features of the Prussian character. He is a brave man, and he is a man who can be trusted, though he does talk nonsense about Divine Right. While he was quite a lad he fought for his country, and in all the trials of life he has stood firmly by those who depended on him. He adheres honourably to the Constitution, not so much through political wisdom as because he found himself reigning under it, has sworn to obey it, and cannot dream of breaking his word. He has won the confidence of Germany because he has twice measured the offers of the Emperor of the FRENCH by the standard of honesty, and not of ambition. He is not a great man nor a very able man; but he fully reaches the ordinary level of Prussia. Great men are very exceptional there. FREDERICK the GREAT was exceptionally audacious, crafty, and successful. STEIN was one of the most original and daring of modern statesmen. But Prussians of that stamp are scarce, and in WILLIAM I. the nation has perhaps as creditable a Sovereign as it can reasonably expect.

Among the many memories which the present occasion must bring back to the KING, none can be so impressive as that of the day when, twenty years ago, his brother solemnized the beginning of a reign that dawned with so bright a promise and set in so much darkness and humiliation. FREDERICK WILLIAM IV., in his early days of sovereignty, dreamed that he was destined to carry out two great and splendid works. He was to invent the political liberties of Prussia on a pattern devised in accordance with all the wisdom of historical and constitutional learning. He was also to restore the lost Empire of Germany, and himself to rival the great Emperors of the Middle Ages. The former dream faded into the coarse despotism of the MANTEUFFEL Ministry, and the latter into a humble acquiescence in

the policy which Austria laid down for the Confederation. And yet when the present KING compares the Prussia of to-day with the Prussia of twenty years ago, he cannot fail to see that he is called to reign over a people that has made a real and solid step towards both political liberty and supremacy in Germany. Prussia gained much, both at home and abroad, even during the years of humiliation which broke the spirit and clouded the intellect of her last KING. She now holds a different position in Germany from that which she used to hold. The events of 1848 and the succeeding years showed that in times of great excitement and strong pressure the wish for unity overpowers in the German nation the jealousy of Prussia, even where that jealousy is ordinarily the strongest. Of all the minor States, Bavaria is perhaps the most tenacious of its position; and yet in Bavaria it was at one time thought an act of almost superhuman daring when the Minister, VON PFORDTEN, opposed the popular feeling in favour of accepting the leadership of Prussia. But the greatest gain of Prussia in her external relations has been the complete change in her relations with Russia and Austria. It was Russia that ordered Austria and Prussia to meet at Olmutz, and there decreed that Prussia should give way. It was Russia that was the virtual support of the MANTEUFFEL Ministry. From this crushing burden of an irresistible neighbour, Prussia, without stirring a finger to help herself, had the excessive good fortune to be relieved by the Crimean war. She need not now fear Russia; and just at the time when her own star shines more brightly, that of Austria has begun to fade and dwindle away. Austria has to prove that she can exist before she can contest with Prussia the leadership of Germany; and thus every day the mere fact that her neighbours are less powerful invests Prussia with new power and importance.

At home, there has also been a great improvement. The present Constitution has survived the wreck of baffled hopes which ended the stormy days of the Revolution. That, at least, is so much gained. Even in the subsequent years of reaction, the machinery of free Government existed, and now this machinery is working with very considerable effect. The people are still overridden by their insolent officials, but they are not so completely cowed and beaten down by them as they were. There is no longer the interference with the press and the disgraceful enforcement of religious tests which marked the blackest period of the recent history of Prussia—the period between the interference of Russia at Olmutz and the end of the Crimean war. It is true that, judged by an English standard, Prussian liberty is still a weakly plant. The Upper House is as bigoted in its Toryism as the House of Peers ever was in the days of Lord ELDON, and it resolutely vetoes all measures of reform. This is an evil, and it is said to be an evil which the KING is prepared to meet. It is rumoured that the Coronation is to be celebrated by the addition of a batch of more Liberal members to the Upper House. But it is evident that remedies of this sort must be used very sparingly, or the Constitution will be swamped as well as the Upper House. Nothing is more foolish than the ignorant impatience with which Englishmen demand that the Constitutions of foreign nations shall present in a year or two the consistency and the delicate balance of forces which our Constitution has attained by the efforts and struggles of centuries. In spite of all the disappointments which befel his brother, the KING may go through his Coronation with a large amount of well-grounded hope. If Prussia could but get a statesman of the first class, her immediate future might be brilliant, as well as dignified and respectable. But in any event, unless her opportunities are utterly thrown away, she has very comfortable prospects. All that she has to do is to wait patiently, with a gradual increase of liberty at home, an army maintained in the highest state of efficiency, and some little determination to guide the policy of Germany. An admirable occasion of venturing where her best supporters in Germany would gladly follow her is now offered her. She can recognise the Kingdom of Italy. In the end, she is sure to recognise it; but if she recognised it at once, she would prove to herself and the world that her rate of motion is a little faster than the usual German rate; and this ought to secure to her a proper share of influence and honour.

#### ORATORY AND SCIENCE.

IT used to be thought that the severest trial of an orator's powers was to be asked to return thanks for the toast of "The Ladies." A few men in a generation became famous for the skill with which they could impart a flavour of

novelty and freshness to the hackneyed subject, but no one before Mr. GLADSTONE discovered how to perform the still more arduous feat of making a good and appropriate speech at an agricultural dinner, or delivering a suitable address on the opening of a Mechanics' Institute or a School of Science. A finer opportunity for this description of rhetoric could scarcely have been offered than was afforded by the inauguration of the institution which Liverpool owes to the munificence of one of her famous merchant princes. A Free Library, a Hall of Science, and a Museum, have been provided for the cultivation of the Liverpool mind, and the occasion was graced by the eloquence of Earl GRANVILLE, Mr. FAIRBAIRN, and the versatile CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. Then, if ever, the type of the true popular scientific address might be looked for, and those who were panting for something new to replace the worn-out platitudes which are customary on such occasions were not disappointed in the performance of the greatest orator of the House of Commons. The affair was very artistically managed. Lord GRANVILLE precluded the coming oration by modestly admitting that he did not feel called upon to dilate at length upon the general and abstract principle that instruction in science is desirable for the human race. Mr. FAIRBAIRN followed with a few practical illustrations of the modern progress of engineering science to which he has been so effective a contributor. And then came the speech of the day, grappling boldly with the theme from which Earl GRANVILLE had recoiled, and adorning the tritest of subjects with the most marvellous tales and the most unimaginable hypotheses. Wonderful is Mr. GLADSTONE in all he says, if not in all he does; and what makes the marvel of this crowning performance greater is, that the orator did not disdain the conventional restrictions which are by common consent most absurdly imposed on those who assume to speak on such occasions. For what reason we cannot pretend to say, it has come to be generally understood that, in addressing a popular assembly on the beauty of science, it is not permitted to dwell on its intellectual value, or to diverge from the beaten track of "material and moral results." The speech is supposed to show, first, that science pays, and then to wind up with a grand peroration as to the moral and Christian influences of scientific study. Then the multitude is supposed to be in a proper frame of mind to pass by acclamation a resolution that the nascent institution is "eminently calculated to promote" the material and moral well-being of the favoured population who are to enjoy its advantages, and a variety of other highly beneficial objects. Limited as Mr. GLADSTONE was, by inexorable custom, to this narrow view of science, it must be confessed that the "eminent calculation" was worked out by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER with amazing fertility of resource. Let aspiring orators study his method with reverent admiration, and learn neither to disdain what is old for its triteness, nor to shrink from what is new for its extravagance. The grand rhetorical art is to arrange these elements in their due order, so as to produce the right effect, and in Mr. GLADSTONE's scientific essay the artifice may be discerned in its most masterly shape.

Who but the king of orators would have dared to commence a grand address by solemnly informing his hearers that we can travel many more miles an hour than we could have done twenty or thirty years ago? Who else would have ventured to reproduce the familiar tale of GEORGE STEPHENSON's promise of ten miles an hour, and the scoffing warning of his opponents to those who should trust the iron horse to carry them at this unheard-of speed to keep a dinner appointment? Surely some of the good people of Liverpool must have heard of *Bradshaw*, or even have travelled by express trains. It would scarcely be too much to assume that the *Life of George Stephenson* is not altogether an unknown book in those busy parts. But the cunning orator understood his craft, and the trite fact and the familiar story played their part as foils for the amazing novelties which were shortly to be produced. But this was not yet to come. A longer preparation was needed to till the mind of Liverpool into a due condition of receptivity. Very elaborate and gradual was this course of cultivation. Chemistry, Geology, and Natural History, each in its turn, were made to illustrate the noble truth that the worthiest objects of science are the production of Manchester patterns, the discovery of likely diggings, and the construction of sub-aqueous tunnels. Every possible component in the mixed assemblage had to be worked into the due frame of mind to welcome Mr. GLADSTONE's recondite theories. It was possible that even in the Liverpool Hall of Science there might be some whose occupations were of

a rural kind, and a suggestion was thrown out for them of the enormous value of the study of chemistry to the practical farmer. No doubt, more than one enlightened agriculturist who had invested in superphosphate manure joined heartily in the cheer which responded to the observation, though not, perhaps, without some misgiving that, after all, General PEEL's tenant might be right in saying that mechanics may be good and chemistry may be good, but that capital is vastly better.

Still onward flowed the current of oratory in a deepening and widening stream. Of all sciences, Natural History is the one that pays best. WATT studied lobsters, and forthwith learned how to lay a pipe beneath the Clyde. STEPHENSON took up a bone, and straightway conceived the idea of the Britannia Bridge. Sir ISAMBARD BRUNEL saw an earthworm bore into the ground, and thenceforth felt no difficulty about the construction of the Thames Tunnel. Even these achievements were capped by WEDGWOOD, who imitated the forms of tortoise-shells and lemons with such success that little black cups which cost him but a few shillings are now sold in Liverpool at 5<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> the pair. After this, who could deny that the pursuit of science and art was the most glorious and ennobling to which the human mind could be given? Theology itself scarcely offers a better percentage. And now the ground was fully prepared for Mr. GLADSTONE's theory. There are three inventions older than the Homeric age, lost in the darkness of antiquity. Tradition has something to say to the invention of letters and the discovery of an arithmetical notation. But the oar, the wheel, and the plough are older than human memory. No one knows when they were devised, and no one before Mr. GLADSTONE has explained how they were invented. The oar was copied, not from a fish's fin, but from the wing of a bird. That is the result of Mr. GLADSTONE's investigations into pre-Homeric science; and, that being so, it is obvious that the Natural History Department of the Liverpool School of Science is eminently calculated to make wealthy patentees of all those who diligently attend it. But the wheel is a greater and more instructive mystery still. Who has not heard of the circling flight of birds, and who can fail to see the analogy between a cart-wheel and the gyrations of a hawk? But for the study of Natural History, we might have been doomed to this day to be jolted on sledges instead of rolling easily on patent axles. The beauty of the explanation lies in the etymological demonstration of it. Mr. GLADSTONE's Homeric hawk went round and round. So does a wheel; and, strange to say, both the bird and the mechanical contrivance derived their Greek names from the root which expresses roundness. Clearly, therefore, the one was copied from the other—a process of reasoning which has only the little defect that it would serve equally well to derive the wheel from the eye of a Cyclops or the shield of Achilles. But the orator had reached a vein above such petty criticism, and had carried his audience with him until their imaginations pictured the crow-boys of the fields whiling away their weary time by watching tumbler pigeons, and inventing new modes of revolutionizing the art of locomotion.

But the plough was as old as the wheel, and where did the ploughman learn his art? Natural History again supplies the answer. Whether any covert irony lurked in the theory we cannot say; but it stands now upon record that, according to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, the British ploughman is the lineal inheritor of the science of the pig. But for the inhuman ring which custom has inserted into the snout of the swine, Mr. GLADSTONE inclines to think that the human imitator has not advanced far beyond his four-footed teacher. Hodge will drive a straighter furrow, but he knows no more of the philosophy of ploughing than his distinguished prototype, the pig. This may be so, but it is a rather startling announcement, though no doubt eminently calculated to encourage the future students at the School of Science. But we are not so much interested now in considering the matter of Mr. GLADSTONE's address as in studying the rhetorical art which it displays. The orator's revelations closed with the story of the pig. By a singular association of ideas, he felt at once reminded that the University of Oxford had been charged with obstinacy in resisting the demand for scientific teaching. A triumphant refutation of this accusation led as naturally to the inevitable tag about the high moral purpose involved in the study of utilitarian science, and the aids which such institutions as the School of Science must render to the ministers of religion. Finally, Liverpool was assured that, in Mr. GLADSTONE's opinion, the new Hall of Science "would



"secure for her the continuance of her great and remarkable distinction"—a comforting prediction which Liverpool received with immense and prolonged cheering.

Such is a brief analysis of an address which we commend to the study of all youthful orators who desire to distinguish themselves by handling an old subject with novelty, dignity, and success.

#### MONETARY AFFAIRS.

THE contrast between the course of monetary affairs in England and in France during the last two or three weeks has been very remarkable. At the time when gold began to flow decidedly into England, the Bank of France found its bullion slipping away at the rate of 3,000,000*l.* a month. While, in London, money has been abundant at three and three and a half per cent., a rate of six per cent. has failed as yet to check the drain from Paris. Nor are these the only peculiarities of the market. Except for a very short time, the improvement in the exchange and the abundance of money have failed to influence the price of Consols, and of late the tendency has been in exactly the opposite direction to that which the prevailing ease might naturally have been expected to produce. In France, on the contrary, notwithstanding the gloomy reports of the Bank, the increase in the rate of discount, the borrowing by the Bank of between one and two millions, the existence of considerable alarm as to the immediate effects of the Treaty, and the possibilities of commercial difficulty—in spite even of large sales of funded property by the Bank itself—the price of Rentes, though inevitably affected, has been sustained at a much higher point than could have been expected if anything like the crisis which some anticipate is really to be looked for.

There is something very paradoxical in all that is taking place. The operation of the ordinary laws which govern commercial intercourse seems to be suspended, or at least impeded, by causes which are not apparent on the surface. The difference between three-and-a-half and six per cent. might be thought sufficient to tempt almost any amount of gold from London to Paris; but whatever effect has been thus produced has, up to this time, been too small to counterbalance the flow of bullion in the opposite direction as the result of previous transactions. It has always been assumed, on unanswerable grounds, that, in the absence of panic, the offer of an increased rate of interest is a certain specific for producing an influx of specie. The Bank of England has long been successfully worked upon this principle, and as recently as last January, the Directors made the public understand that the necessary rate of interest, whatever it might be, to check a foreign drain, would be unhesitatingly enforced. In France, this measure of confidence in economical laws has scarcely been reached; and the conclusion that, if six per cent. will not correct the exchanges, still higher rates must be resorted to, is not accepted as readily as it would be here. Certainly, the measures adopted have not been adequate to restore equilibrium; and the recent loans will only be serviceable if the causes of the present drain should prove to be merely temporary. The only certain way of economizing the supply of capital is to demand a price which will limit the requirements of borrowers, and at the same time suffice to attract adequate supplies from abroad. Considering the comparative abundance enjoyed in England and many other countries, it may be thought surprising that a more decided effect should not have been produced, but there is an amount of friction in the working of the law of demand and supply which is seldom sufficiently taken into account. We had a clear example of this in the early part of the year, in the obstinacy with which the foreign exchanges refused at first to yield to the energetic measures of the Bank of England. A little time, and a still stronger exhibition of energy, overcame the temporary obstacle; and there is no reason to doubt that the same policy would be attended with a similar result if pursued by the Bank of France. Day after day, reports arrive of a contemplated further increase in the rate of discount at the Bank of France, but up to the present time this prudent course has not been adopted.

The sluggishness with which the current of business has followed the track which, according to all experience, it must sooner or later take, is just as remarkable in the different branches of our own money market as it is with respect to the relations between England and France. The market for permanent securities and the discount market have, in general, responded to each other with considerable rapidity. If money on call became over-abundant, the consequences have

almost always been immediately felt in a corresponding improvement in the price of Consols. The money which was not wanted for the ordinary purposes of trade has found its way with the utmost readiness to the Stock Exchange; but the peculiarity of the present time is the very wide discrepancy between the market values of Consols and other investments and the current price of money for commercial transactions. The long-continued depression of Consols has been, to a great extent, satisfactorily explained by the competition of other securities; but this alone will not quite explain the phenomena which are now observed. Not only Consols, but even the favourite Indian Five per Cent. securities seem to have lost something of their attractive power; and for the present the low rates obtainable by temporary investments are accepted in preference to the opportunities of very favourable purchases of permanent securities. It is intelligible that the one mode of employing capital should recommend itself to a class of investors who are seldom found among the purchasers on the Stock Exchange. The discount market and the consol market are essentially distinct, and are resorted to for different purposes; but it has very seldom happened that the ease of the one market has been so slow in making itself felt upon the other.

Exactly the converse peculiarity is noticeable in France. In the actual state of affairs, Rentes ought to have fallen far below their present price, in order to correspond with the general state of monetary affairs. The comparative buoyancy of the Paris Bourse, in the face of an adverse exchange and a marked scarcity of bullion, is as much out of the usual course as the depression of Consols in the midst of apparent abundance of capital. No one who has faith in economical laws can doubt that matters will find their level in course of time; but everywhere we see far more than the usual amount of resistance to the easy flow of capital from one employment to another. There is unusual friction, not only between the French and English markets, but between the different markets within each country. The commerce of money does not answer the helm as readily as we are accustomed to see it; and unfortunately, in France, the inference has not been drawn, that it is necessary to apply the helm with greater force than has yet been done.

To say that money does not just now find its level through the ordinary channels as speedily as usual, must be acknowledged to be a very imperfect explanation of the observed course of monetary affairs. The excessive friction which retards the operation of general laws must itself be due to some cause which has not yet been thoroughly appreciated. But it is better to note the fact simply as a fact, and wait for the light which the future may throw upon it, than to indulge in fanciful guesses as to its ultimate cause. Multitudes of such conjectures are daily provided for those who love to feed on them. Sometimes it is hinted that the threatened interruption of the industry of Lancashire is the reason why capital is so reluctant to flow from the discount market to investments of a more permanent kind. But the effect ought to be just the reverse. A suspension or diminution of manufacturing activity must lessen the demand for floating capital, and it is difficult to understand why the fear of such an event should produce a disposition to keep money under command to meet a demand which promises to be unusually small. The American troubles are constantly referred to as among the depressing influences which are felt in this country; but whatever future may be in store for the United States, there is not the slightest indication as yet of a prospective drain from London to New York. It is the same with every other explanation which has yet been offered. The scantiness of the French harvest is quite enough to account for the pressure which has been felt across the Channel, but it is not easy to see why this should exert such a disturbing influence upon the market for the securities of the British Government.

It is possible that the free action of the machinery of commerce may be clogged in some measure, not so much by this or that specific cause, as by the general uneasiness which so many circumstances conspire to produce. A time when doubt and caution are the prevailing feelings is just that when we may expect a more than ordinary reluctance to shift capital from one investment to another. The quick responsive action of one market upon another depends upon the prevalence of general confidence; and, in spite of the present ample supply of money, and the favourable appearance of the foreign exchanges, there is a lurking dread of what may happen during the coming year, which is quite

enough to account for uncommon caution, and for the consequent sluggishness of all commercial affairs. It is possible that time may supply a more specific explanation of the singular course of affairs during the last few weeks, but all that can safely be said at present is, that it is a period of peculiar sluggishness and friction, with which the prevalence of an extremely cautious temper has probably more to do than anything else.

#### THE BRIGHTON CLERGY AND SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

THE Brighton clergy—that is to say, the clergy officially connected with the various parishes of Brighton and Hove, reinforced by certain clergymen resident, but not officiating, and presenting a combination of seventy-five persons, who, from position and education, must exercise a formidable influence—have addressed to the Directors of the Brighton Railway a memorial against Sunday excursions. The character and numbers of these gentlemen entitle their representations to a weight which is independent of their arguments. It might be assumed that any paper which has attracted the signatures of clergy of various shades of thought—for we find among the memorialists the names both of the very High Churchmen of St. Paul's and the very Low Churchmen of other places of Church of England worship—would represent a compromise. The compromise, with its seeming unanimity, has, however, been gained at some expense of principle, and it would be difficult to say upon what fixed doctrinal basis the memorialists ground their theological argument against the alleged desecration of Sunday by excursion trains. Indeed, so wide are the meshes of the net, which, it is clear, has been purposely constructed to enclose signatures, that any definite principle has been evaded by the easy device of proposing two opposite principles. As representing one school, the memorial addresses itself to the Scriptural fact that “the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it;” while, on the other hand, it speaks of the Lord's day as a day of rest. Yet this “Sabbath” was unquestionably the Jewish Sabbath; and it is equally unquestionable that the Jewish Sabbath was abrogated by the Gospel. Whatever peculiar blessing and sanctification was attached—and much was attached—to this Jewish Sabbath, was, in kind, attached to circumcision and to other Jewish rites, feasts, seasons, and observances; and unless the Brighton clergy are prepared to claim their observance, it is scarcely fair to appeal to Scripture for the sanctification of Sunday as a Sabbath. The reference made in the memorial to the Fourth Commandment is of the usual kind—“God's gracious appointment, in His Fourth Commandment, of a Day of Holy Rest.” It is quite true that the Commandment did appoint a day of holy rest; but it by no means follows that this appointment has not been expanded and enlarged into something fuller and more spiritual under the Gospel. At any rate, the Brighton clergy must be aware that their own Church has sanctioned and enjoins a very different interpretation of the Fourth Commandment, and, instead of restricting its moral teaching to “the observance of a day of holy rest,” finds the obligation of rest—which was, under the law, confined to one day in seven—enlarged to a prohibition, addressed to the Christian, against all carnal and natural works “all the days of our life.” As far, therefore, as the Brighton clergy are concerned, it will be quite enough to reply to them—and our present concern is only with these gentlemen as clergy of the Church of England—that their theology and the theology of the Church Catechism are completely at variance. We do not say whether a Judaizing interpretation of the Fourth Commandment is or is not admissible. This is not our present concern. The memorial is confined to Church of England clergymen. Nobody else has been asked to sign it. At least, no other signatures are attached to the copy which has reached us. And it is a sufficient reply to the memorialists that their argument and interpretation are not the argument and interpretation by which, as Churchmen, they are bound.

It is, however, only indirectly that the Scriptural argument against Sabbath-breaking is urged. The alleged sin against a precept of the Decalogue is assumed by the memorialists, and in many places the “breach of the Fourth Commandment,” and “the desecration of the Sabbath,” are adverted to; but they seem to have felt that so long as there was something said in the language of Scripture, little inquiry would be made as to the force or consistency of their reasoning. They therefore address themselves more particularly to the “secular point of view.” The Sunday excursion

trains are hurtful to “the morality of Brighton,” as well as to its religion. “Taverns, public-houses, and cigar-shops ‘multiply under the fostering wing of your Sunday trains.’” The metaphor is scarcely happy, and we should hardly have expected such slipshod writing from seventy-five clergymen. But we may admit the existence of this evil without bringing in the Fourth Commandment. Undoubtedly, “the evening aspect of North-street, West-street, and the Queen's-road” is very unpleasant. It is, of course, an offence to see the streets filled with noisy and idle people. But this is just the price which Brighton pays for being exactly fifty miles from London. If Brighton were not the very nearest point of the sea to London, Brighton on a Sunday evening in summer would not be the Brighton it is. And if Brighton were not the Brighton it is, it would not rejoice in its seventy-five clergymen, officiating and non-officiating. It is of the essence of Brighton to be overrun with Cockneys; and the Cockneys of the weekday must put up with the Cockneys of the Sunday. “Eight hours by the sea-side for half-a-crown” is, we may admit, a cheap inducement to the sort of people whom we own that we should not desire to cultivate particular relations with. But we must all make up our minds to this sort of thing. If we live in Park-lane, and are disposed to be fastidious, “the evening aspect”—to adopt the semi-poetical diction of the memorialists—of Hyde-park may perhaps interfere with our quiet enjoyment of the sunlit glades of Kensington-gardens; and if we take a villa at Roehampton or Weybridge, the Sunday excursionists certainly interfere with our more fastidious tastes and our privacy. Indeed, there is not a town in England whose dulness or propriety is not in danger of being ruffled by Sunday excursionists. It is by no means pleasant; though, on the whole, it is said that excursionists generally behave better than they might be expected to do. But there is only one remedy for it, which we do not observe that the Brighton memorialists suggest. The only radical cure would be the entire prohibition of Sunday excursions. And if this is tolerable, the next step is necessary—the entire prohibition of Sunday travelling. We know that in fact a good deal is said for such a prohibition. If this is what Mr. ELLIOTT—who, it is said, is the author of this memorial—means, it might have been as well to say so. There would be then a good plain intelligible issue, and we should know how to deal with it. No line can be drawn between Sunday travelling and Sunday excursions. Sooner or later the one must run into the other.

One novelty, we are bound to admit, does occur in this memorial. After hinting that the accident in the Clayton Tunnel was a special judgment on the Sabbath-breakers, and after referring to the Sunday catastrophe on the Paris and Versailles Railway, they advert to the special circumstances of the late Brighton disaster. We must remark, however, that if the seventy-five clergymen really and seriously meant that this accident was a special judgment on the breakers of the Fourth Commandment, they were bound to say so explicitly and manfully. So grave an argument deserves something more than a passing allusion. It ought either to have been courageously insisted on or omitted. Such a suggestion should not be insinuated by ministers of religion. If they meant this, they were bound to say so. If they meant this, and were afraid to say so, such an indirect and halting reference to a very solemn matter does greater credit to their discretion than to their faithfulness. Not but that they can, on occasion, be both indiscreet and illogical. They say that the usual justification of Sunday trains fails in this particular instance. The argument, as the seventy-five clergymen tell us, “adopted in ‘defence of Sunday excursions is that they offer a release to ‘the toiling artisan to escape from London smoke to green ‘fields,’ and so on. This defence, they go on to observe, does not apply in the present instance; for the trains which met with a collision in the Clayton Tunnel ‘were carrying ‘their hundreds of passengers not from, but to, the din, ‘the smoke, the hazy atmosphere, and the repulsive forms of ‘life in the back settlements or the low suburbs of London.’” We should have thought such an argument impossible in the mouths of serious and well-educated men. Do they really mean that they wish excursion trains from London to be permitted, and excursion trains to London to be proscribed? Do they mean that He who warned us against arguing any special guilt in those on whom the tower in Siloam fell, executed a particular judgment on the travellers from Brighton, which He did not launch on the travellers to Brighton? Or, on social grounds, do the memorialists think it fair that the



poor man's country consins should be deprived of the holiday excursion which we do not, and dare not, prohibit in the case of the poor Londoner? Or do the Brighton clergymen fail to see that the plea in defence of Sunday excursions does not depend for its force on the mere matter of smoke and green fields, but on the change and variety introduced into the monotony of life in either case; and that, in fact, to a rustic the change from green lanes and breezy commons to spacious streets and the ten thousand wonders of town life, is just as healthy and just as important as the change to the Londoner from Whitechapel to the Brighton strand. We must say that, in every branch of their argument, the seventy-five clergymen might have been expected, in deference to their position, either to have said more or less—more, if they meant more—less, and much less, if, as the tone of much of the memorial suggests, it is the result of something like clerical terrorism on the part of one or two influential persons in a small society.

## GAMES.

IF games are any sign of mirth, England ought to be called merry England again, for certainly there has been in our time an extraordinary return to play. The young people of to-day abandon themselves to sports unknown to the youth of their elders, who, caught by the infection, may be seen joining, half-ashamed, but not unamused, in diversions which in the grave pride of their own earlier years they would have considered puerile and unworthy. Times go by turns, even in such matters as amusements; and alternate generations are merry over serious things and earnest over trifles. For the first ten or twenty years of the present century, the three staple forms of relaxation seem to have been in full activity. First, there was the play, *par excellence*, to which all the world crowded; next, dancing, which makes so great a figure in the novels of the time, especially in those of Miss Austen, who invests the country-dance with an exquisite social charm, as De Quincey clothes it with a poetical and even mystic significance; and last but not least, cards—whether in the institution of whist, with its severe rules, dear to strong heads and mature years, “a clean heart and the rigour of the game,” or, as youth loved them, “in a good noisy round game, with a bit of hot supper after it.” All these forms have in them the element of permanence, for they amuse without too stringent demands on conscious effort or exertion. Thought and motion are at once stimulated and made easy, and diversion comes, or should come, in all cases without direct trouble, and almost involuntarily. For man has the instinct to dance when the fiddle plays; the drama demands nothing from us but attention, which we can relax at our pleasure; and cards supply us, for the mere labour of shuffling, with that succession of gentle surprises which is essential to relaxation, and without which it seems as if we could not entertain the notion of pleasure, so entirely is the language for its expression founded on the idea of something fortuitous coming to us, we hardly know how—as happy, lucky, fortunate, and so on. Yet, in spite of their adaptation to the theory of amusement, all three sank into temporary eclipse. A dead set was made against them by the religious world. They were denounced, preached against, and eschewed in a great many circles; and quiet people, even if they did not quite see the force of the objections—if they felt that they themselves could dance without any sensation of unhallowed excitement, if they could see a play and feel no harm, and take a hand at whist without giving place to a demon of grasping cupidity—yet were willing to own that, in excess, each and all did mischief, that very often they interfered with rational pursuits and sober thought and intelligent conversation, and, above all, that it was not worth while to shock good people's prejudices. Besides, as we have said, amusements too eagerly followed lose their charm. Through whatever cause, a generation came on that rarely danced, that never touched a card, and, if they lived in the country, never saw a play. Quadrilles had taken the place of the genial country-dance; whist had retreated to the clubs, or belonged exclusively to old ladies who could not acquiesce in the new *régime*; and the great actors who had given dignity to the theatre were dead and gone. Youth put on its gravest aspect. Young ladies associated the idea of play with tough piano practice, while the word, with men, meant hard gaming or the staking of fortunes. The boys had, indeed, their languid sports, but these made no noise out of the playground, and were never carried on into manhood. Cricket, no doubt, was played, but its empire was local. It was known to a good many mainly as a South country game which was played in Hampshire on Sunday. Archery was got up in certain state circles, at a prodigious expense for weapons and uniforms, while the commonalty went to look on; but it was regarded with suspicion, as amazonian in the ladies and slightly effeminate in the men. Exercise meant, not the capricious movements of a game, but so many miles out and home again. This was the regulation recipe for health at once of mind and body—not a bad one either to those whom it suits. This was the right thing. People played, when they did play, apologetically and under a cloud. It was thought boyish, not promising for a man's prospects in life. The vigorous youthful intellect threw itself into party spirit. Freshmen, who would now expend the same

amount of zeal on a boat race or the Oxford and Cambridge cricket match, committed themselves prematurely to a side in politics, or, it may be, purchased a middle life of semi-sceptical indifference by plunging into religious controversy too soon. Of course youth must be interested in whatever is stirring, and the passion for games may only mean the absence of higher forms of excitement. We are simply concerned with the fact of a change, though both its extent and the reasons for it must be open to question; for English society includes numerous classes, subject indeed in the main to the same influences, affected by the same social habits and fashions of thought, but seldom so affected precisely at the same time.

There is a class of games, still partially in vogue, which largely prevailed in this graver epoch. The instinct of play is not to be wholly suppressed; so, the acknowledged modes of amusement being in disgrace, what are called (either seriously or in derision) intellectual games came into favour. These are founded on an absolutely contrary principle to the others—throwing the whole labour of production on the brain, and setting it impossible tasks on pain of disgraceful exposure. The French and Italians, with their ready wit, pliant minds, and preference for in-door diversions, have always patronized these *jeux de société*; but though we have seen our quaint English humour come out charmingly in them under favouring circumstances, they can never be a very popular form of diversion with us. Compulsion seems to contradict the first principles of sport; so, let the company be ever so carefully chosen, there will always be some unruly spirit, prepared to resist, with resolute obtuseness, any aggression on his readiness, versatility, and invention—who will spoil sport by retiring from the contest of wits, dark, sullen, and thundery, scowling defiance from his retreat, or flinging sarcasms at more willing and obedient natures. Yet there is not a little to be said in favour of these exercises, so long as they may be considered hard work, and not the light relaxation they profess to be. They are capital practice for children and young people, and a lesson in good-nature to the seniors of the party. They develop a good deal of cleverness which might not otherwise find an outlet. It is surprising how readily some people respond to the call to be witty, ready, or poetical, at a moment's notice—and not the people you would expect. There is, indeed, a sort of wit that can only act on this compulsion. The quiet people often come out at these times, and strike a balance with their more brilliant neighbours when a pencil is put into their hands, and they have to hit off a couplet, to give a reason, or to find a rhyme. Their faculties are stimulated by the unwonted pressure; an unfamiliar twinkle shows mind at work, and more comes out than anybody gave them credit for; while the wits of the party, on whom their young friends depended for some display worthy of their powers, not seldom collapse altogether, or do their best only to find themselves beaten by children and young ladies, and, much worse, by slow fellows whom they look down upon. It is curious to see a certain class of clear heads and keen wits absolutely thrown and incapacitated when forced into these new and uncongenial exercises. It is dislocation to them—the labour is excruciating. They find it odious and intolerable to have their train of thought broken in upon by other people's absurdities. It is an invasion of their dearest liberties. Addison notices this class of games as prevalent in country houses, with—we could fancy—the irritation of a sufferer. He enumerates the substitutes for wit which dull people invent for themselves, and “which, according to their taste, do the business as well,” and speaks slightly of a great feat in this line which must have cost a clever fellow some pains—“a witch's prayer, that fell into verse when it was read either backwards or forward, *excepting only* that it cursed one way and blessed the other.” And yet, as nobody can, without a sense of defeat, fail in what others do well, there is a sort of poetical justice in the whole thing. Those who cannot do what the occasion demands from them learn, in spite of themselves, a lesson of humility and respect, and those who do well earn their laurels and have won a triumph; for to be wise and witty on another man's text is given to few.

However, these contests of wit, though called games, have in them the nature of serious, hard work, and are therefore no characteristic of the theory of amusement current in our time. For, taking all into account, our young people, when they are disposed to waste time together in sports, seem to have decided that it is better, as well as a vast deal less trouble, to do silly things than to say them; and hence an apparently deliberate preference for fatuity and unmeaningness in the particular class of games which our youth now play in concert. This shamelessness as to means, so that a certain end is accomplished, betokens, we believe, a self-reliant and conceited age. Our young people indulge in fatuity under the shelter of their high pretensions. Besides, it is a stroke of particular success to get something out of nothing. Laughter is a more clear gain when it comes without cause; and, when neither thought nor skill is required by the avowed occupation, the parties employed have more time to bestow on one another. We are told of circles of more than average intellect and cultivation who think a winter evening well spent in puffing an arrow through a tube; and there are games, fertile in noise and laughter, the whole merit of which seems to lie in the worthlessness of the object, and in the hideous jargon in which their rules and successes are invested. On certain occasions, however, it is desirable to put a company on an absolute level of equality, and for this end foolish games may be more effectual than any other—games of

wit or skill only changing the accepted standard, and affording opportunities out of the beaten track. One and all in a wonderful way make talk for those who have talking in them; though whether it takes the form of that rational conversation which is the ultimate aspiration and supreme good of some well-regulated spirits, is another question. But who that watches society can fail to see that nonsense has a part to play in the world? The great point is to give it its right place—which is that of the froth on the top of the wave—open and apparent, an escape for exuberant animal spirits; not hiding itself under grave shapes, a flaw at the heart, sapping vital strength, as it may do when too sternly suppressed.

Whatever cynicism may have tainted our remarks hitherto must all give way before the out-door view of the subject, and essentially before Croquet. Simple out-of-door sports, in which the sexes can combine with some equality of skill, must have a good effect in humanizing our Cymons and making our young ladies healthy and natural. Sydney Smith liked breakfast-parties, because nobody is concealed before one o'clock in the day; and there is something in the open air quite as opposed to affectation as morning hours. The way in which young men and women meet in lawns and gardens and pleached alleys for a match at mimic cricket is something new. Whether the change is connected with high moral questions—whether it has to do with Muscular Christianity, with altered ideas of education, with a relaxation of the old rule of sticking to the last, or with minutiae of costume, male and female, with knickerbockers, hats, and coquettish feathers, and crinoline, and ankles, and strong boots—whether it may be traced to remission of maternal severity, or to the gum of an Indian tree, to higher notions of the benefits of social intercourse, or to diminished fear of damp feet—we need not decide. The fact is so, and that is all that concerns the present subject. To see a party of young people thoroughly in earnest over a game of activity and skill is as pleasant a recreation as their elders can look for, as well as excellent sport for all most concerned. We need not say that the young ladies have the best of it, and make the show. Excited by the honour of playing with men—however involuntary the act of homage—they throw an earnestness and fervour into their strokes, and a vengeance into their reprisals, which, under the favourable circumstances inseparable from the abstract idea of a young lady, cannot but be delightful to the victim while they charm the spectator. The immense amount of comment which the feminine combatants contrive to get up on the progress of this, as indeed of all games, is another of their advantages; so that, as affording practice in the art of modified public speaking, it is an arena not to be despised. The sort of accuracy required in defining the nicety of a hit is a lesson in expression, while the alternations of the game awaken a series of rapid emotions most favourable to eloquence. Tender sympathy, poignant self-reproach, courageous self-assertion, covert irony, vehement vituperation—all ending in the sublime despair of failure or in transports of success—produce a rhetorical *tout ensemble* which fills their male hearers with wonder and envy, and proves what a school for elocution is the open air, encouraging as it does the use of action, and rendering pardonable, because necessary, that elevation of tone without which passion and enthusiasm cannot express themselves.

Thus, the advocates of conversation as the only rational amusement are silenced by demonstration. For one person who can talk well without a stimulant, a hundred can be eloquent with one, always supposing a suitable auditory; and games furnish just the motive power that so many minds are without. Every stroke furnishes a subject, every turn of a ball or a card suggests a theme, and, if the players are of a didactic turn, a moral and an application. They provide a series of beginnings, where a beginning is the only difficulty. The novelty which all crave for, and which few minds can conjure out of their own stores, comes through some outward source; and that the source and the event are alike utterly trivial may make it the more welcome from two different and opposite causes—either as being essentially more congenial to a vacant mind which does not know what great interests mean, or as standing in stronger contrast with serious occupations, and so offering the more effectual relaxation to a fatigued attention.

#### MUNICIPAL RHETORIC.

VOTES of thanks are no doubt as old as public services. Brasidas "was praised" at Sparta—that is, we suppose, he received the thanks of the Ephors or of the Senate; and every one knows how C. Terentius Varro was solemnly thanked at Rome for losing the battle of Cannæ. Unluckily, we have not the text of either of these votes of thanks to refer to. Of that of Brasidas we know nothing. Of that of Varro we have only the "whereas—" because "he had not despaired of the Republic." But we feel sure that the style of these votes was very unlike that of productions of the same sort now-a-days. We have no doubt that both were plain and pithy, and to the point. One was straightforward Doric, and the other straightforward Latin. The Ephors did not stick their praise of Brasidas full of Egyptian or Persian words, nor did the Roman Senate thank Varro in a neat and appropriate speech full of the flowers of Asiatic rhetoric. Spartans and Romans alike contrived to talk sense, and felt under no official obligation to talk metaphor.

Within the last few days, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs have

been praised in London, and Earl Russell has been praised in Newcastle-upon-Tyne; but the dispensers of praise have not exactly adopted the Laconic type. As for the Lord Mayor, we should have thought something of a Scolon would have been more in place than anything in the way of prose rhetoric. No graceful turn of sentences, no heaping together of epithets, could have been equal to one general burst on the part of a whole Common Hall singing by common impulse—

For he's a jolly good fellow,  
Which nobody can deny.

As it is, both the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs are praised for a great many different reasons; but there is a difference between them of which it is not easy to see the reason, but which has doubtless some good ground among the ancient privileges and mysteries of the City. The Lord Mayor's virtues, "for" each of which severally he is praised, are all put together into one paragraph, with only semicolons between them. But the virtues of the Sheriffs are divided into several distinct, short, rather Imperial-looking paragraphs, with a full-stop between each, and a capital to each "For—" the whole tale of "Fors" exactly reaching the mystical number of seven. That these virtues are set forth in the highest form of the high-polite style we need hardly say. Every noun—each noun being of course the longest and most foreign-sounding that can be hit upon—has its one, two, or three adjectives, often arranged so as to form a pleasing climax. Thus, the office of the Sheriffs is "ancient and honourable;" the public duties of that office are "high and important;" the manner in which the Sheriffs have discharged those high and important public duties has been "dignified, courteous, and exemplary." Some of those public duties are painful, but the Sheriffs have "tempered the performance of them with zealous humanity." This sounds very fine; indeed, it almost makes us wish to be hanged under the care of Sheriffs who would show such zealous humanity in their way of putting us out of the world. Despotisms have before now been tempered with songs—in the City of London, hangings are tempered with zealous humanity. The benevolence of the Sheriffs is "ever active and comprehensive"—it is "displayed in mitigating the sufferings and ameliorating the condition of the poor." Generally they have "noble attributes," in which they fully realize expectations, command admiration, &c.—at least the "admiration of all intelligent observers." So the Lord Mayor's virtues require flights no less lofty—flights, indeed, sometimes rather beyond the bounds of grammar. He displays "munificent hospitality and liberality in upholding the dignity of the office;" whereas we should have thought that "hospitality" and "dignity" were two separate virtues, each entitled to a paragraph of its own. He gives "active services and ready co-operation in all questions calculated to promote the public welfare." This sentence may possibly be understood at the Tuileries, where "questions" are so much more familiar than they are to us. By our present light we do not know what may be meant by "co-operation in a question;" and till the "question" has arrived at its "solution," how do we know that it is "calculated" to "promote the public welfare?" We can believe that the "solution" of the "Roman question" may do much for the welfare of Italy; but we should have thought that the "question," so long as it remains a "question," was "calculated"—we do not doubt that in the Imperial mind it is a matter of deep calculation—to promote exactly the other thing. Then the Lord Mayor is thanked for "continuous exertions in connexion with the Indian Famine Relief Fund." What are exertions "in connexion with" a fund? The long, awkward, compound preposition, "in connexion with," never gives us any very clear idea; but as the Lord Mayor is also thanked for "receiving and disposing of a collection for the poor," it may be that "exertions in connexion with a fund" mean nothing more than receiving and disposing of that fund. The Livery end with a piece of piety which—as, perhaps, is quite proper—commits them only to a very general kind of theism, and which is singularly hard to construe:—

The Livery join heartily in expressions of hope that it may please the Great Disposer of events to bless him with the continuance for many years of health and happiness to enjoy his well-earned reputation and the deserved esteem of the citizens of London.

We are sorry, for the sake of our mother tongue, that, among so many virtues of a Lord Mayor and two Sheriffs, there is only one which can be expressed by a Teutonic noun. The Sheriffs have shown "readiness;" but then the Teutonic "readiness," much as in the exhortation in the Daily Prayers, has to be duly balanced by the Romance "attention." Not that the Teutonic part of our language is wholly despised by the city rhetorician. He knows when to use plain English with great effect. The Sheriffs are thanked

For their devotion to the cause of mental, social, moral, and spiritual improvement whenever and wherever that cause could be advanced by their presence, advocacy, and contributions.

This sentence is, we think, the very finest of all. The last climax is perfect. The mere presence of a Sheriff is something, but his silent presence would be a small matter compared with his "advocacy;" and, as example is better than precept, even his "advocacy" is of less value than his "contributions." "That cause" is such a stroke of rhetoric that we almost forget to ask whether the cause to be advocated does not really resolve itself into several causes. But "whenever and wherever"—no doubt by diligent study of Johnson, bigger, longer, more outlandish words could have been found, but none that could have produced such a



ringing antithesis. So, again, in a flight, all but equal to this one, the author shows the same discretion in drawing on the two elements of a compound language. The Sheriffs are thanked this time.

For the splendid hospitality with which they have maintained the world-wide reputation of this city.

On such a theme, who would not be poetical? We are half inclined to burst out ourselves. John Gilpin at once supplies us with—

Famous London town;

and with a rhyme about the "sun goes down," we dare say we could easily throw "the world-wide reputation of this city" into a very pretty stanza of eights and sixes. The City Isocrates was clearly fast warming into the City Pindar. In verse, a man speaks his mother-tongue much more easily than in prose. We hail the "world-wide" of the one clause, and the "whenever and wherever" of the other, as signs that the old speech of our fathers can do a little service even now.

The praises of Lord Russell are not quite so grotesque as those of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, simply because the career of Lord Russell affords something much more definite to talk about. But Lord Russell's acts are overwhelmed by the good folk of Newcastle and Sunderland in much the same style in which the good folk of London have overwhelmed the vaguer virtues of the Lord Mayor. One sentence—evidently meant to be one of the most eloquent of all—were utterly unable to construe in its first published form:—

We cannot, in this address, review at length your Lordship's laborious public life, but we can refer with sincere gratification to your exertions in aid of the rights of conscience at a time popular will found much more feeble expression than in our own more enlightened era.

So it stood in the first copy which appeared in the *Times*. We have since seen the English mended by the insertion of a relative pronoun where it was certainly much wanted; but still, how about the "enlightened era?" Lord Russell's "era," it seems, is quite a different one from the "era" of his admirers; but, this last, if more enlightened, certainly seems not to be more grammatical.

Then Lord Russell is told—

Your successful advocacy of reform in the representation of the people is one of the most stirring chapters in the history of our country; and in this populous borough we can bear indisputable testimony to the value of the changes you introduced into our system of municipal government.

"The stirring chapter" and "the indisputable testimony" are very fine, but we can forgive the Newcastle orator a good deal, because presently he talks about "untaxed bread." When a man talks about what he really cares about, he commonly talks straight to the point. An Oxford preacher in the days of the Irish famine was afraid to mention a potato in church, and went on talking about "that esculent." But then the lack of potatoes in Ireland made very little difference at Oxford high tables, while taxed or untaxed bread makes a great difference to the people of Newcastle. "Enlightened era" was finer than "enlightened times," and as the town meeting at Newcastle would attach no particular meaning to either, the finer word was the better; but "untaxed bread" they knew all about, and any circumlocution for the primæval *βίκος* would have brought down a very much feebler round of cheering than the plain English word itself.

As we are always anxious to get to the bottom of everything, we will venture to ask the exact meaning of the verb to "characterize." "A uniform urbanity characterizes the Lord Mayor's intercourse with his fellow-citizens," and "Lord Russell's services as a statesman are characterized by consistency and talent." Again, we have dim remembrance of having read in a police report that somebody "characterized" somebody as a thief. These two uses do not seem to us to be quite the same either in meaning or construction. As for the etymology, we believe that "character," like "party" and "individual," is one of the many euphemisms for the defunct Teutonic word "man." For instance, we might, at least *ex hypothesi*, speak of either Lord Russell or the Lord Mayor as "great men;" in the municipal style this might be translated into "eminent characters." The connexion between the verb and the noun is really too subtle for us.

In a word, if only for the sake of us plain sort of folk, why cannot Liveries and Town Meetings take the advice of Mr. Chucks, and "spin their yarn in plain English?"

#### LORD NORMANBY AND THE ITALIAN PRINCES.

LORD NORMANBY is not a sound or wise politician, but the opponent of popular and almost universal opinions is always entitled to a fair hearing. Freedom of discussion might easily be suppressed in England, as in America, if a majority which happened to find itself in the right were taught to regard itself as infallible. The universal sympathy with Italian unity and independence, while it is creditable to the country, has assuredly not been founded on any minute investigation of evidence. No special knowledge was required to justify the conclusion that a great nation ought not to be split up into helpless fragments, and to be controlled by obnoxious foreign rulers. Whether the princes who were sacrificed to the interest of Italy deserved their fate was, for thoughtful observers, an immaterial question; but the love of poetical justice was gratified by the belief that national regeneration had coincided with the

punishment of cruel and perfidious despots. Crime as well as virtue is always most attractive when it is personified in a living representative, and it must be acknowledged that Ferdinand of Naples fully realized the most imaginative conceptions of the character of a tyrant. He delighted in torture, he revelled in perjury, he made it his business to demoralize his subjects: and, above all, he was conspicuous for orthodoxy, and was the cherished favourite of the Holy See. A general regret was felt when he anticipated by a too fortunate death the disgraceful overthrow of his dynasty. His son had scarcely time before the arrival of Garibaldi to deserve the execration which popular feeling would willingly bestow on the victims of a beneficial political change; but his subsequent organization of brigand expeditions in the South of Italy may tend to relieve scrupulous minds from a sense of theoretical injustice to the banished King.

The Northern Duchies were more anomalous institutions than the considerable Kingdom of Naples, and it was desirable to find ground for moral indignation against the petty fugitive princes. The Grand Duke of Tuscany was a mild and intelligent ruler, until he was frightened into reaction by the excesses of 1848. After his recall he introduced an Austrian garrison into his dominions, and when an opportunity of liberation occurred, in 1859, he steadily refused the demand of the Tuscan population that he should co-operate with the defenders of the Italian cause. On the whole, Englishmen may be allowed to approve of the absorption of his territories in the Italian kingdom, and to dispense with any personal regret for the prince who was necessarily dispossessed. The Regent of Parma and her son were entitled to the compassion which is naturally felt for a highborn lady and an innocent child in the midst of undeserved misfortune; but her husband and some of his predecessors had made petty despotism at the same time horrible and ridiculous. The Dukes of Modena had never been deficient in personal vigour, but they were the professed dependents and agents of Austria in Northern Italy. After the troubles of 1821, the reigning Duke exceeded all his contemporaries in the pertinacity of his vengeance. Francis V. was, according to his admirer, Lord Normanby, a just and beneficent administrator; but it is not denied that all legislative and executive powers were exclusively concentrated in his hands. Still, it is to his credit that his little army has adhered to his fortunes in exile; and even if he were the worst of tyrants, he is entitled to defend himself against unjust accusations. Mr. Gladstone, in his creditable enthusiasm for the Italian cause, appears to have adopted one or two erroneous charges against the Duke of Modena, and all who are conscious that they have listened with pleasure to illustrations of princely depravity may, to a certain extent, regard themselves as accomplices in the wrong which has been committed. Yet any political convictions which are dependent on the accuracy of scandalous personal anecdotes are scarcely worth guarding against the possible effect of a confutation.

It appears that, according to the law of Modena, as republished by Francis V. himself, criminals under the age of twenty-one years were not liable to capital punishment. Accordingly, the judges passed a minor sentence on a certain young man named Granaj, who had been convicted of wilful murder. Mr. Gladstone stated, in the House of Commons, that the Duke had, by an *ex post facto* edict, nevertheless sent the prisoner to execution. Lord Normanby's remonstrances induced him afterwards to admit that Granaj had not, in fact, been executed; but the charge that the law had been arbitrarily altered to the detriment of an individual prisoner was several times repeated in the correspondence which ensued. In his vindication of the Duke of Modena, Lord Normanby has shown that Mr. Gladstone's accusation is founded on a misapprehension. The Duke, not unnaturally, regretted that an assassin should be allowed to escape through an unintentional obscurity in a law for which he was himself responsible. Nevertheless, he neither attempted to alter the sentence on Granaj, nor did he publish any edict or order on the subject. In a letter to the Minister of Grace and Justice, he ordered that the law should be amended for the future by the removal of an exemption which is, as Lord Normanby observes, unknown to English jurisprudence. The Duke is entitled, on this point, to a full acquittal; and perhaps it is to be regretted that the accuser was not more willing to reconsider an excusably hasty interpretation. It would be tedious to follow Lord Normanby into the remaining points of his dispute with Mr. Gladstone, but it may be worth observing that, in one instance, his familiarity with the Italian language enables him to obtain an easy triumph over his formidable opponent. The Duke had approved the conduct of a soldier who fired on a mob which attacked him, and had blamed a petty officer in command of the patrol for not giving a more definite order (*ordine rigoroso*) to his subordinate. Mr. Gladstone, translating *rigoroso* by the apparent equivalent of *rigorous*, inferred that the Duke wished severe orders to be given to all soldiers who might be brought into collision with the people. Lord Normanby shows that the Duke's instructions were perfectly moderate and reasonable, and he explains that an invitation to dinner may be called *rigoroso*, if it is accurate in specifying the intended time and place.

The successful apologist will perhaps be surprised to hear that his vindication of the banished Duke is wholly irrelevant to the only question which really interests English politicians. The lion is shown, in this particular instance, not to have eaten the man, but it by no means follows that it is desirable to live in a lion's

den. It is not denied that the Duke of Modena might have executed a criminal who had been judicially condemned to death, or that he could with impunity have committed all the acts which Mr. Gladstone superfluously alleged as reasons for his exclusion from power; and it is better that 600,000 Italians should be relieved from absolute dependence on a single will, even if their Duke retained all the virtues of Solomon, of Alfred, and of the legendary King of Yvetot. The descendant of the House of Hapsburg, though he bore the name of Este, regarded himself as a lieutenant of a foreign sovereign; and he would always have preferred his own personal loyalty as an Austrian to the wishes or the interests of Italy. No ill treatment which he can have suffered furnishes even the shadow of a reason for perpetuating the subdivision and consequent degradation of a noble nation.

Lord Normanby, in exposing Mr. Gladstone's comparatively trivial mistakes, is at the same time incapable of apprehending the true issue, and absurdly unjust to the opponents of his personal and dogmatic inclinations. He quotes on his title-page, and in many other parts of his pamphlet, a saying of Cavour's, "*io ho cospirato per dodici anni*." It might have occurred even to an inveterate antagonist that the great Italian statesman was not likely to make a gratuitous admission of guilt. A dull Venetian Senator, after listening to Othello's explanation of his proceedings with Desdemona, might as reasonably have asserted that the Moor had pleaded guilty to the charge of witchcraft. Count Cavour answered the charge of conspiracy by boasting that he had conspired in the face of day when he developed the freedom and prosperity of Piedmont, and provided an object and a centre for Italian patriotism. For twelve years he thus conspired. "This was the only witchcraft he had used." Another Italian politician said that truth was not compatible with government; and Lord Normanby quotes the paradox as effectively as an adversary of Oxenstiern might have used his admission that little wisdom was needed to govern the world. Prudent controversialists know that their opponents can seldom be convicted out of their own mouths, and they abstain from relying on epigrammatic apophthegms which were certainly not uttered for their benefit. Lord Normanby argues the case of the Italian Princes on the assumption that they were indefeasible owners of the territories which have now coalesced into a single State. It would not be desirable that his theory should be generally adopted, but it is altogether right that it should be candidly heard and considered.

#### OFFICIAL RESPONSIBILITY.

THE memorable case of the *Nil Darpan* furnishes matter for abundant and protracted discussion. We have already reviewed the work itself and commented on the trial which followed its publication. It now remains to notice the part which Mr. Seton-Karr took in the matter, and the punishment which what all admit to be an error has brought upon him. This is, perhaps, the most important feature in the whole case. It is in the highest degree necessary, if English public opinion is to affect the government of India, that we should have as clear an idea as possible of the limits of responsibility under which the different branches of the Executive in India lie as regards each other, and should distinguish, on broad and permanent principles, between errors that are of a slight kind and those that really threaten to alter the character of the Indian Government. Perhaps the greatest service that English opinion ever rendered to India was the unanimity and decisiveness with which Sir Charles Trevelyan's defiance to the Supreme Government was condemned at home. It could leave no doubt, either here or in India, that the English public, as the ultimate masters of that country, understood that India could not and ought not to be governed without the maintenance of a strong central authority in India itself. On a smaller scale, the same question is involved in the case of Mr. Seton-Karr. The whole of the proceedings have been recently brought to the notice of English readers by the three elaborate letters which Mr. Godfrey Lushington has addressed to the *Times*. The general drift of Mr. Lushington's letters is to condemn Lord Canning for removing Mr. Seton-Karr from the Secretaryship of Bengal. This was, in Mr. Lushington's opinion, far too grave a punishment for a venial error which the offender candidly acknowledged and openly deplored. Lord Canning also, as Mr. Lushington thinks, was estopped from punishing Mr. Seton-Karr because, several weeks before, the matter had been brought to the notice of the Supreme Government, and had elicited no comment, reproof, or inquiry. We do not agree with Mr. Lushington in either of these opinions. We think that Mr. Seton-Karr's error had, however accidentally, a gravity and importance which forced the Supreme Government to notice it with great rigour. We also think that Lord Canning's reasons for delay are substantially good reasons. But at the same time we are very glad that Mr. Lushington has brought Mr. Seton-Karr's case before the English public in a form as full as could be wished, and with much ability, moderation, and good sense. We must also, at the outset, pay a tribute to the upright and honourable manner in which Mr. Seton-Karr behaved directly the gravity of his error was brought home to him; nor can any one acquainted with his general career doubt that it would be a most serious loss to India, and one for which the Government would be highly to blame if this business prevented him from finding some sphere on his retirement from the Legislative Council where India would have the

benefit of his great experience, ability, and zealous devotion to the Government he serves.

The mistakes that Mr. Seton-Karr committed were two; and they ought to be carefully distinguished. His first error was that of publishing the pamphlet. He procured the sanction of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal for the translating and printing of the *Nil Darpan*, but this was wholly as a private affair. Mr. Grant thought that possibly it might be expedient to send some copies to friends, but he waited till he saw the work before he pronounced an opinion. Without further consulting him, Mr. Seton-Karr had the *Nil Darpan* translated by Mr. Long, and five hundred copies struck off. He then sent out under an official envelope a great number of these copies. Some few were distributed in India, but the great majority were sent to England. The list of those to whom these copies were sent was made out partly by Mr. Long and partly by Mr. Seton-Karr himself; but as the whole list was approved of by Mr. Seton-Karr, and as all the official envelopes must have been issued on his authority, he alone is responsible for the whole. Now we think that it is idle to say that this list does not show, on the face of it, symptoms of partiality. Mr. Seton-Karr may have been, so far as he knew, actuated solely by the desire to give useful information, but he must have had a secret feeling that this pamphlet happened to tell in favour of one side, and a wish that it should go where it would be most welcome. That a hidden, if not a recognised bias affected the person who drew up the list is sufficiently apparent from the mere fact that the *Times* was not included in it. It is absurd that any one should say that his only object was to give useful information in England, and should then send that information to other daily and weekly papers, and yet should not send it to the *Times*. No one can doubt that a copy would have been sent to the *Times* had it not been known that the *Times* took up the cause of the planters, and had violently attacked the Government of Bengal. Mr. Seton-Karr, then, issued a publication under official authority without the sanction of his immediate superior. The publication he issued was confessedly a one-sided one, and calculated to damage one party to a dispute so far as it represented what their adversaries had to say against them. The persons to whom he sent it were chosen with an anticipation, which was perhaps unconscious, that they would at least look on the statement of the native case with a friendly eye. Mr. Seton-Karr's conduct involved a departure from the duty of official subordination, and a departure from the duty of official impartiality. How gravely this error ought to have been punished is another question. Mr. Grant's rebuke was in itself some punishment. A rebuke from the Supreme Government would have been an additional punishment. The long services of Mr. Seton-Karr might weigh in the balance against his one fault of assuming an authority that did not belong to him. The effect of the revelation of slight partiality involved in his proceedings was almost, if not quite, done away with by the favourable impression he had made by the candour and frankness of his public apology. If this had been all that Mr. Seton-Karr had done, a formal censure from the Governor-General in Council would probably have been judged to be an adequate retribution.

But this was by no means all that Mr. Seton-Karr had done. His list contained a much more fatal flaw than that of friends being inserted, and adversaries omitted. It involved a grave breach of duty towards the Supreme Government. It appeared, when the evidence was given at Mr. Long's trial, that no less than twenty copies had been sent to the office of the Secretary of State in England, while none whatever had been sent to the office of the Government at Calcutta. Even after reading Mr. Seton-Karr's statement, we do not know exactly how this happened. He acknowledges that it was very wrong, but does not account for it. However it might have arisen, it constituted a most dangerous precedent. Here was an official holding a high local position, who thought himself in possession of materials eminently calculated to contribute to a right policy in India. He considered it of high importance that what the natives thought on the Indigo question should be known by their rulers. He accordingly addressed their rulers. He sent a large number of copies of this instructive publication to the English Secretary of State, and a large number to those Englishmen who he thought were most likely to form that public opinion which may, in the last resort, control even a Secretary of State. But there was one link he omitted—there was one branch of Government that he wholly passed by. He took no notice of the Supreme Government of India. He sent no copies to the Secretariat at Calcutta. This was very like what Sir Charles Trevelyan had done. Sir Charles Trevelyan defied the local Government, and appealed to public opinion at home. Mr. Seton-Karr ignored the local Government and appealed to public opinion at home. He treated the Government of Calcutta as non-existent. This, however little Mr. Seton-Karr may have meant to commit a serious offence, was indisputably an offence of the most serious character. The authority of the Supreme Government of India would be at an end if subordinate authorities could communicate with England direct, and not even let the Supreme Government know what they were doing. On every occasion, at any cost to individuals, the Supreme Government must rigidly insist that in India it shall be treated as supreme, and that all local officials shall address it alone, or its authority in India is gone. Mr. Seton-Karr may have done no great harm, and may have been very innocent in his intentions. It may have been through pure carelessness that he omitted the Supreme



Government altogether, and sent so many copies to the Secretary of State. But the door which he opened might easily be used by men of a very different stamp, and the Governor-General could never be sure that his position was not being undermined at home by his subordinates. An offence of this kind must be judged not by its moral obliquity, but by its relation to the whole character of the Government against which it offends. One of the burdens of responsibility which an official accepts is the risk that acts which are morally very venial may be committed under circumstances which will invest them with a grave importance and turn them into serious offences. The punishment of Mr. Seton-Karr in excluding him from the Secretaryship of Bengal is as good a precedent in behalf of the authority of the Supreme Government as his impunity would have been a bad precedent.

The character of Mr. Seton-Karr's offence and the degree of severity with which it ought to have been met are totally different questions from that raised by Mr. Lushington as to the delay of Lord Canning in taking notice of the matter. Lord Canning, he says, ought to have inquired into the matter sooner, as he had ample opportunity of doing, and then his decision would have escaped the imputation of being due to a wish to side with the party triumphant in Mr. Long's trial. In order to judge whether this criticism is fair, we must look at the facts. On the 22nd of June, the Supreme Government received a Minute from Mr. Grant, stating that the pamphlet had been circulated without his knowledge, and calling attention to the fact that the printer had been prosecuted for libel, and had given up the name of the author. The Governor-General took no notice of this, and it was only on the trial of Mr. Long, that the fact was elicited, that twenty copies had been sent to the Secretary of State. Immediately after the trial, Mr. Seton-Karr tendered his resignation of his secretaryship, which Lord Canning accepted. Mr. Lushington says that Lord Canning ought to have directed an investigation into the whole matter immediately after the receipt of the Minute of the 22nd of June. Lord Canning's answer to this is twofold. In the first place, it was not in the ordinary course of business for him to make further inquiries. The onus of providing all the information that the Supreme Government could at any time require lay upon Mr. Grant. It was his duty to sift the matter thoroughly, and Lord Canning having a subordinate charged by the general nature of his duty with the task to be performed, left it to that subordinate to fulfil his responsibility. Mr. Grant did not make any further inquiry, and for this neglect was severely censured by Lord Canning. Secondly, Lord Canning, knowing that a trial was at hand, felt inclined to await the issue of that trial. The Courts were going to decide whether the publication was or was not libellous; and this, as a legal question, the Government left to be decided by the Courts. This was not unreasonable. Mr. Seton-Karr was said to have officially circulated, without leave, a libellous pamphlet. In dealing with the offence, Lord Canning was surely bound to inquire whether the pamphlet was libellous or not. If there had been no trial impending, he must have decided the point as he best could; but the character of the work having been remitted to the decision of the law, the law was to be the guide of the Governor-General. "But," says Mr. Lushington, "the jury gave such an absurd verdict. They were quite wrong; and by accepting their verdict, Lord Canning has sanctioned their error." That is, it was quite right to abide the issue of the trial; but it was only right to be guided by it if the jury brought in the right verdict. This pleasant way of dealing with the law is very easy for a critic who stays at home at ease, but is simply impossible for the Government of India. Directly a court of law pronounced the pamphlet libellous, the Governor-General must treat it as libellous, or overrule the decision of the law, which would bring him in collision with the judicial authorities, and seriously impair the respect which is due to the law. At any rate Mr. Seton-Karr did not consider the result of the trial immaterial. Immediately it was known that the pamphlet had been pronounced libellous, he tendered his resignation. Mr. Lushington praises him for this. It was very right and honourable in him to tender his resignation, but it was very wrong and a great mark of weakness in Lord Canning to accept it. We do not see this. We do not understand this theory of illusory resignations—of resignations that ought to be made, but also ought to be declined. Mr. Seton-Karr resigned because he thought it right to ask the Government whether he ought to be allowed to retain his post after he had officially circulated a pamphlet which a competent authority had just pronounced libellous. The Government replied that, in its opinion, he ought not to retain his post. When the matter came before Lord Canning, he decided it. We do not see that he ought to have decided it before, or that, under the circumstances, his decision was wrong.

#### SPURGEON ON SHREWS.

TO say that Spurgeon is as good as a play is to say nothing. No play can equal him. The jest of the thing is that the popular preacher of the day, the man of the day, our neighbour's ass—the ass of the conventicle, whom the wise old Bishop has reminded his brethren of "the Establishment" that it is a sin against the Tenth Commandment to covet—should be as great in the easy chair of Rabelais as in the heights of his professional dignity. Spurgeon—it were an affront to his peculiar claims on attention to designate him as Mr. Spurgeon, and we no more

think of giving him the conventional prefix then we do to Sam Hall, if such a gentleman exists, or to Mr. Robson—has been coming out again. His weekly facetiousness presents a formidable rivalry to the comic journals, and though perhaps it suggests that his other attractions are failing, it is something that a popular preacher has two strings to his bow, and that a broken-down Boanerges can make so good a Merry-Andrew. The reverend joker recently favoured his disciples, and anybody else who could compass an easy sixpence, with his views on the Gorilla; and an Under-secretary of State and a celebrity of the last London season assisted at his jocular *séance* at the Tabernacle. As it is not given to a popular Antipædobaptist preacher to catch every week even such small notables as Messrs. Layard and Du Chailu, we are not surprised that Mr. Spurgeon's lecture on "Shrews, and how to tame them," delivered last week at his big Meeting-house, had only his own oratory and wit to recommend it to that "large audience in which the gentle sex greatly predominated." This lecture was especially addressed to what the penny-a-liner of the penny press so prettily, and with such novelty, calls the gentle sex. And here Spurgeon comes out. We hardly know what is the character of the Tabernacle ladies, but, judging from the sort of thing which their pastor addresses to them, we should be disposed to arrive at a very awkward conclusion. If we do wrong to their habits of mind, their spiritual pastor and master is at fault. But we doubt it. The talk talked to them irresistibly suggests an inquiry, more curious perhaps than profitable, as to what is the inner mind of the women—we mean the gentle sex—of that class whom Spurgeon addresses on terms of light familiarity. Spurgeon is no fool. He would never speak to people in language which they did not understand; and it is at least one certain result of a popular preacher's experience, that he always understands his audience. One thing the pulpit must teach a man—to know when and how he carries people with him. Our conclusion from Spurgeon's lecture on the Shrew is that certain ladies of the lower ranks of the middle classes in London are not very remarkable for delicacy and refinement. Not to put too fine a point upon it, we should say that they were decidedly coarse in moral fibre. We say this because, otherwise, no man, with even more impudence than Spurgeon, would have talked to them as he did last Friday week.

Spurgeon is lecturing on Mammals; and he has come to the Shrew. The joke of his lecture is the ambiguity of the Shrew, name and thing. The Shrew is a little mouse—not quite a mouse, as we are, with profound knowledge of zoology, informed—and also an ill-tempered woman. Here is a rich mine of *double entendre* and sly joking. The reverend lecturer saw his chance of poking fun at the ladies, and poked accordingly. And amazingly the ladies relished it. In certain sections of society they always do. Say the rudest things, venture on the slyest and most provocative allusions, and the womankind of a certain class bridle and sidle, and strut and ruffle their feathers in great glorification and appreciation. They are taken notice of, and relish the compliment accordingly. They are acknowledged to be worth talking about or talking at, if not talking to. The talk, to be sure, is that for which they ought to box the talker's ears; but any talk about women is, to some women, better than no talk at all. This is just the character of his audience which Spurgeon appreciates thoroughly. And so he went off at score on the natural history of the Shrew. The Shrew is very beautiful, and small, and delicate, and "it was wonderful how their name ever came to be applied to ill-tempered women." The reporter here fails to give his usual side note; but the smirks, and ogles, and tittering at this passage must have been quite encouraging. At any rate, the lecturer was encouraged. The Shrew was, he went on to say, not easily digestible. The Shrew turned a dog's stomach. "Laughter" of course showed that this point was caught. A description of the Shrew—and whose fault was it, that in the minds of the audience a little confusion existed as to whether it was the greater or less mammal, the Shrew biped or quadruped which was in the lecturer's mind?—would not be complete without a picture of the Shrew in its amative and combative moments. "With a view to test the procreative capabilities of the Shrew, a gentleman put several of them into a box, and on looking into it shortly afterwards found that instead of increasing in numbers they had decreased, the larger Shrew having devoured all the rest. (Laughter.) The Shrew, like the Mole, did everything with fury and passionate energy. He has his pleasurable moments, too, and then emits a sound which can only be compared to the grating of a melodious piece of slate pencil on a slate. (Laughter.) To do justice to "the gentler sex, who greatly predominated" on this occasion, we believe that they did not exactly know what this last little fact in natural history meant. But the lecturer knew very well what he was talking about and what was in his mind. Whether, in "the Tabernacle" and from his lips, especially addressed to women, this is the sort of lecture which husbands and brothers ought to think desirable for their wives and sisters, is a matter on which we have our doubts; and we should form our own opinion on ladies who could greet with laughter—say at the Royal Institution—a lecturer who ventured on such pieces of information as this.

When the lecturer came to the Shrew Improper, the female shrew, the course was open to an infinite deal of jesting—seasoned, however, with salt, as the lecturer would say. By which we mean soft sawder wrapped up in a leaf torn out of the Bible. As to shrews, there were, "according to the old dis-

tionaries, male shrews as well as female shrews ('roars of laughter'). The number of shrewish women recorded in history was very small, and this was a tolerably good proof that many could not have existed. He (Mr. Spurgeon) would first state his belief that there were no living specimens. The female shrew was extinct, or a thing that 'used to was' ('laughter'). Politest of men! the very Grandison of the pulpit and the platform. The depth of the compliment, its evident sincerity, its remarkable novelty and appropriateness, stamp the author of this compliment as the champion of the sex, the pet of the petticoats. Such a preacher and such a gallant will never want a congregation. To be sure he was obliged, but merely for form's sake, to mention one or two shrews of history. There was Xantippe; and, of course, that very delicate anecdote about the vessel which she emptied on Socrates' head was related by Spurgeon with immense fun, and all the particulars. In fact, it was related with a little more coarseness than the particulars warranted; for whereas the old story merely says that Xantippe threw some water over her husband's head, the Tabernacle joker informs the ladies that "Mrs. Socrates went upstairs, and having found something, emptied the contents on his head," (roars of laughter). And there was Jezebel—of whom it does not appear, by the way, that she was any more a shrew than Lady Macbeth—and Mrs. Wesley. But here the catalogue ends. "As to male shrews, they abounded: the male shrew was to be found in the police courts, and also undergoing a pleasant course of two months' imprisonment (laughter)." And, again, the ladies chuckled and cackled, and sniggered and smoothed their dimples and crinolines at the polite, pleasing, and instructive preacher. Bad women, then, being a thing of the past, Mr. Spurgeon went in for the tag of the farce, premising his peroration with a racy anecdote about a drunken clergyman who was "called upon to sprinkle a child." Mr. Spurgeon being an Antipædobaptist and a dissenter, has of course a right to tell comic stories about the parsons, and to joke at Infant Baptism; and as we see that he is about to be associated with Bishops and the like in a course of Lectures to the Young Men's Christian Association, it is possible that he may be able on that occasion to get up some more tales about "a clergyman who had taken too much to drink." At any rate, we venture to think that no clergyman will return the compliment, and entertain his audience with all the crazy tales he can pick up about dissenting preachers.

The moral of the whole lecture was, that shrews are, contrary to Shakespeare's advice, to be tamed only by kisses. To be sure—that's the secret to rule a wife. Kill her with kindness is the true way to keep her. Bad women and shrews are as nearly as possible extinct—they are as the dodo and the dinornis. But when they are bad, bad husbands are the original cause. Wise, easy, profound, polite, discriminating philosophy of the Tabernacle. If it does not display a great acquaintance with human life, it shows a very intimate knowledge of what female vanity and female emptiness delight to hear. We are thankful to say that we never before heard of such talk from a minister of religion, delivered in a building used for religious purposes; and one consolation remains—that it is only in such a quarter that it is thought that religion of any sort can be recommended to women when compounded equally of cant and *double entendre*. Nowhere else is it imagined that, to complete the make-up of a popular preacher, the politeness which perhaps might not be out of place in the master of the ceremonies at the dancing saloon at Highbury Barn is required, as well as a firm grasp of the quinquarticular shibboleth of Calvinism.

#### THE ART OF SAYING NOTHING.

WHEN a man has nothing to say, how he is to say it is one of the most difficult problems that can be propounded to human ingenuity. At the same time, it is one which almost every educated man, on some occasions in the course of his life, is called upon by convivial exigencies to solve. The art of saying nothing well is not yet taught in schools, though no doubt it will be included in the *curriculum* of the "knowledge of common things" which is coming into vogue. It certainly is an art which, for utility as well as for difficulty, has few equals. It is the soul of a public dinner; and to public dinners we all must come at last. No classical elegance, no deep learning, no logical subtlety will supply its place. The man who possesses it will feel at his ease, and digest his venison in tranquillity of spirit, while the erudite sage or elegant Latinist at his side is bolting his food whole, sweating visibly in the anguish of anticipation, or trying to drown it by repeated recourse to the Scriptural recipe for gladness of heart. How rare is the peace of mind which this simple accomplishment bestows may be gathered from a glance at the upper table during the preliminary courses of any of the county festivals which are the favourite amusement of the present season. There are few spectacles more affecting to a well-constituted mind. The Chairman, in right of his pre-eminence, looks the most miserable of all, for he has the greatest number of speeches to make. He has three simultaneous functions to perform—to carve, to be agreeable, and to think over his speeches; and the workings of his countenance are sometimes truly awful as he is attempting to combine these incompatible duties. The necessities of the moment force him to carve and talk, but his heart is in his speeches. From time to time, he attacks the haunch with an interjectional cut, or his neighbour with a spasmodic remark

upon the weather; but he evidently grudges every moment that is stolen from preparation for the ordeal that is before him. No efforts of politeness can keep his mind from it for long. No wonder that his knife slackens occasionally, or that his tongue wanders in the repetition of a hunting anecdote—he is despairingly cudgelling his brains to think of something new to say about the Queen. He may listen to his neighbour's witticism with suitable grins in the right places for a time; but his neighbour must pardon him if, at last, the laughter is a minute or two too late, for his mind has wandered off to an agricultural compliment to Prince Albert, which he intends to improvise, and which he is vainly trying to reduce, at least approximately, to grammar. Happy is he if, in the distracted condition of his mind, he does not insult his neighbour, starve the clamorous farmers, forget to drink wine with the disaffected busybody of the county town, and eat and drink himself a great deal more than is good for him. But he is only the extreme instance of the misery which is prevailing all around him. All along the rows on each side, the victims marked for the evening's sport may be detected by their nervous movements and convulsive efforts at composure. One is pulverizing his bread with as much energy as if his vocation in life were to feed cockroaches. Another is never weary of reading the maker's name upon the blade of his knife and deciphering the mock stamp upon his fork. A third tries to steal precious moments of abstraction by looking up with long admiring gaze at the roof of the room in which he is dining. A fourth relieves his overwrought mind by incessant attention to the correct twirl of his moustache. All betray unmistakably the blank wretchedness that fills their souls at the prospect of having to stand up and say nothing volubly and in a loud voice for the space of ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. All this misery might have been spared if our system of education had kept pace with the wants of civilization. The art of saying nothing is quite important enough to be placed under the invocation of a tenth Muse. It might fittingly form the subject of a fifth School at the University; and the Heads of Houses seem pointed out by nature herself to be its professors. Even the Civil Service Commissioners might incorporate it with advantage into their system. There is no accomplishment more necessary in the composition of despatches and the management of deputations; and the enormous scope it furnishes for the display of various abilities would spare them the necessity, or the temptation, of testing a clerk's capacity for official life by examining him in the local peculiarities of Nijni Novgorod.

When the art comes to be studied systematically, it will be found that it may be divided into several branches, each of which requires different training. The first kind—and that which, spite of the want of scientific study, has attained the greatest development among us—may be called the art of saying religious nothings. It is practised chiefly at missionary meetings, and may be heard in great perfection at Exeter Hall. There are a certain number of societies which must be supported by annual subscriptions; and the consideration for these subscriptions, without which neither gospel precept nor human reasoning will induce the religious world to give them, consists of a certain number of speeches to be delivered by persons of some kind of notoriety from a London platform on a summer afternoon. This demand has existed for so long that the art of saying nothing religiously has been cultivated with success. The task is very severe. There is no new material of any kind. It used to be a resource to repeat the broken English in which some traditional negro described his spiritual experiences to a missionary's wife: but the anecdote has been repeated so often, and the negro's remarks bear so suspicious a resemblance to the regulation dialect of the Tabernacle, that the device has lost its novelty. There is no straw, therefore, now furnished to make the required tale of bricks. The speakers must distil the half-hour's unctious entirely out of their own brains. But yet there is no case in which the art of saying nothing is, as a rule, practised with so much skill. The clergy get through it with so much ease, and show so little appearance of distress, that the pulpit may be presumed to form a good preparation for the task. The genial or festive department of the art, which is practised at wedding-breakfasts, public dinners, laying of first stones, and the like, is a less difficult, but at the same time a far less perfect branch. As the performers who usually figure in the chief place, members of Parliament rank far below the clergy. Lord Palmerston is, indeed, unapproachable. Neither layman nor clerk can even distantly imitate that matchless compound of chaff, claptrap, and blarney which the Prime Minister can pour forth in any quantities at a moment's notice. But, speaking generally, the politicians are miserable practitioners. They do not enjoy the advantages of the clergy. Unless he be a man of rare ability, the mass of composition which a clergyman is required to produce within the year is so enormous that a great deal of it must be inane. He acquires a habit of stringing together words without any ideas attached to them which is of inestimable value to him on all public occasions. On the other hand, an M.P., being under no necessity to speak, is treated without mercy by his audience in the House of Commons if he attempts to force on them a speech of mere platitudes. The habits of the summer extend into the autumn, and he finds himself dumbfounded in the presence of an agricultural audience before whom politics are prohibited. Nothing could be more cruel than such a rule. Forbidding an M.P. to refer to



politics in his speech is like forbidding any mention of religion in a sermon, or any allusion to bridesmaids at a wedding-breakfast. Its results are lamentable in the extreme. Sometimes, like Mr. Weguelin and Mr. Newdegate, the speaker openly disregards it, and plunges headlong into the most irritating questions of the day. Sometimes, like General Peel, he has the ingenuity to make a speech upon the impossibility of making a speech. But, as a rule, the autumnal senator is the dreariest and most twaddlesome of orators. He is cut off from the only subject with which he is familiar, and in the great art of dispensing with a subject altogether he is wholly unpractised. It is a misfortune for our national good fame that the season of agricultural dinners coincides so accurately with the famine-season of the daily papers. The reports of the agricultural meetings are the only apology for an excitement they have to offer to their readers in the intervals of the American news. In the autumn, men will read even the speeches of county members at county dinners, as men will eat shoes in a siege. Of course, therefore, the papers print them, and our public men acquire anything but an intellectual reputation with the world at large. If nonsense must be talked, it is a pity that it is not talked better. Of course, an ideal state of things would be that farmers should meet to show fat pigs against each other, without thinking it necessary to conclude the ceremony by boozing and listening to bad speeches for six hours. But this is Utopian. The elector has his representative, as the noble of old had his jester, to amuse him in his cups; and it is a prerogative with which he will not lightly part. It is a portion of the suit and service on condition of performing which the member holds his seat. It is an expression of the gratitude which, by a strange caprice of custom, a representative is conventionally supposed to feel to his constituents for allowing him to wear out his life in harassing and thankless labour on their behalf. The elector will not easily be persuaded to forego a homage so grateful to his vanity. The only thing to be done, therefore, is to educate the classes on whom this elevating duty falls to say their nothing in a somewhat less soporific style.

#### AUTUMN ANNUALS.

THE newspapers have not had such a hard time of it as usual this autumn. During the two months that have elapsed since the prorogation of Parliament, a good many noteworthy incidents have occurred, such as by their very nature are unexpected and belong to no particular season, and must therefore be especially welcome to the purveyors of daily news when they happen in the dull time for politics. The Queen's visit to Ireland, the disaster to the *Great Eastern*, the Rugby romance, as it is called, and the two great railway accidents, have filled whole acres of space in the various journals which must otherwise have been covered by museums of country curiosities, or have been devoted to the cultivation of unprofitable annuals. And besides these domestic events, and the interest naturally caused by the first performances of the *Warrior* at sea, foreign politics have contributed an unusual number of topics capable of being discussed day after day in leading articles. The news of the battle of Bull's Run was brought to England just as the session was over; and since that date there has been no want of exciting events in America, nor of comments upon them by all the newspapers in England, which are more alive to the importance of the subject in the dead month of September than perhaps they might have been in May. The course of affairs in Poland, the progress of the momentous game that is being played between Austria and Hungary, and the Cologne reviews, have merited the attention which has been bestowed on them; and Royal visits to Paris and Compiègne have naturally given rise to many attempts to fathom those mysterious plottings against the safety of England or the peace of the world for which these visits to the arch-conspirator are supposed to be planned, and to counter-attempts to show that no motives, except the most friendly and honourable ones, could be imputed to these Royal conferences.

But in spite of all these topics of real and immediate interest, many of the familiar autumn annuals have come up again. It is the duty or the pleasure of every M.P., once at least in the autumn, to assault his constituents with a long speech; and the newspapers are of course bound to inflict these speeches on their readers. But this is as much part of the business of the year as the session itself; and the agricultural speeches only belong to the class of autumn annuals by coincidence of time. The real annuals are social questions or grievances for which there is no space in the busier parts of the year, and the discussion of which probably does no good to any one except despairing editors. Newspaper annuals are not unlike street songs in their origin, in the utter uncertainty as to what popularity they will attain, and, we may add, in their native worthlessness. The many comic singers in the various music-halls, &c., of London, are always bringing out new songs. Some attract no notice at all. Others, probably neither the worst nor the least bad, happen to catch the public fancy, and are sung and whistled by every dirty boy for a greater or less number of weeks, and then perish, extinguished by the rise of some equally worthless successor. So the various newspapers start topics for autumn discussion, some of which attain popularity, while others are hardly mentioned a third time, and all alike die out without leaving a trace behind. Unfortunately, however, the newspapers repeat their performances year after year, and a subject that has failed to attract any

notice this time, may be revived with great success next autumn; whereas a street song falls like Lucifer, never to rise again. We have had this year, first, the marriage question, started by the seven foolish women of Belgravia, and treated of in a sufficient number of flippant and almost indecent letters. Then the *Times*, usually the glass of fashion in all such matters, tried the servants' grievance, but with very indifferent success. In spite of the brilliant device of branding bad servants with the favourite name of "social evils," correspondents did not care to expose their own folly on this subject; and the weakly plant was soon chilled to death. We have had little or nothing this year of the hotel-bill grievance, which, alone perhaps among annuals, may be discussed to some practical advantage; and the unpardonable carelessness of Alpine travellers, in none of them getting killed during a season unequalled for the number of new feats performed, has defrauded the papers of their opportunity for inveighing against the folly of incurring needless danger. The one or two casualties which have occurred have been such as to point no moral beyond that of every commonplace accident; and so a summer in which Blondins, male and female, have been capering all over Europe, has passed away without a single attack on mountain climbing gentlemen for trusting their lives to their own strong limbs and steady heads. The parallel would have been instructive between the foolhardy gentlemen, risking their lives merely for the sake of science or the love of nature in her most beautiful aspects, and the intrepid rope-dancers, gratifying admiring thousands for the glorious sake of the almighty dollar.

By some accident, perhaps merely in consequence of the abundance of other topics, the annual tirade against the style of dress adopted by English travellers has been deferred until somewhat late in the season. A very large proportion of the tourists in Switzerland and the Tyrol returned to England a month ago at least; and it is against their delinquencies, if the charge has any meaning at all, that this outcry should have been directed. It may be worth while to remind them that their walking clothes present an unseemly appearance in Paris or Munich, if they stay in those cities on their way to or from their principal destination. A very small kit will comprise all that is necessary to make them respectable in any cities they may pass through; and no excuse can be offered if, unprovided with better garments, they still choose to make a stay in great towns. If this and no more had been said, some good might have been done; but the newspaper editors do not care how the subject is discussed, provided they can fill the alarming blanks in their columns; and so in the last fortnight have appeared numerous letters denouncing "battered crinolines and pork-pie hats," "dirty flannel dittoes," and the like, which, wherever worn, are certainly no ornament to the wearer. But the charge is made in so general and sweeping a manner that it fails by its own intrinsic absurdity. English travellers abroad are deliberately accused, as a body, of libelling the nation to which they belong, and insulting that on whose territory they may be staying, by their untidy and outlandish costumes. The tourists may fairly defend themselves by both the ordinary pleas—not guilty, and a justification. There is no smoke without fire, and of course there are Englishmen who thus bring discredit on their country. But these are the exceptions, not the rule; and there are plenty of shabby Frenchmen, seedy Germans, and untidy foreigners of all nations, to be found in Paris, at the German baths, and, in fact, in all places of general resort, who equal the shabby English in the disreputable cut of their clothing, and far exceed them in dirtiness. Meanwhile, the majority conform with tolerable regularity to the habits of the place they are staying in—though eccentricity, not untidiness of dress, is doubtless more frequent among Englishmen than with others. The ladies, indeed, not unfrequently indulge in variety and splendour of costume to an unnecessary extent, as any one may see who spends a week at Lucerne or Interlaken in the month of August. English ladies are apt enough, by the vastness of their ideas about necessary change of dress, to burthen the managing Paterfamilias with an amount of luggage under which his temper gives way, and his purse rapidly collapses; and from this habit the papers obtain a subject for one of the familiar travelling-season annuals. It is nothing to newspaper writers at home that the complaints of unreasonable luggage and want of respectable clothes are contradictory. They do not appear simultaneously in print, and therefore are not considered to have any possible connexion; or perhaps these gentlemen believe either that a family goes abroad with a heap of trunks containing nothing, or else that people start, say in alternate weeks, with many boxes full of finery, and with nothing except a change of linen. But while many travellers wear neither flannel dittoes nor pork-pie hats, considerable justification may be pleaded for those who do, unless they wear them unnecessarily in the great towns; and even there, some deficiencies may be excused on the score of comfort. It requires considerable fortitude for an Englishman to wear a black coat and hat in such furnaces as Baden or Turin. The much-abused garments—which people wear, by the way, at watering-places, without giving any offence to the most fastidious critics—are not only allowable, but actually necessary for those mountain tours which attract every year an increasing number of people. The indignant satirists who fill the newspapers with their denunciations are probably not aware that there is a wide difference between Paris and Zermatt. The style of dress which a gentleman may properly adopt in the Rue de Rivoli is neither convenient nor economical for an ascent of

Monte Rosa. The clothes in which a lady goes for a drive in Hyde Park would be spoiled in two days of bridle roads. Flannel dittoes and plain stuff skirts are good and necessary in their proper place; and even out of it, as in Paris, they tell their own tale. They show what is the main object of the wearer's tour, and proclaim that their own presence is merely *en passant*. As long as the arrangement of the French railways makes it necessary to pass through Paris, and no improved method of locomotion is introduced to take people from England to Switzerland in a day, travelling-suits must be seen now and then in the streets of Paris. At any rate, they can never make the wearer look as ridiculous as a Frenchman starting for a long day's walking over a rough pass or two in a pair of the thinnest lacquered boots.

The most absurd part of this outcry about dress is the belief, apparently entertained by several of those who have favoured the public with their views, that flannel dittoes and hard walking are inconsistent with cleanliness. One imaginative gentleman tells (we quote from memory) of having met a returning friend who had been "balancing himself for six weeks upon pinnacles of ice and snow," and more than hints that the friend in question had been neglectful of his ablutions while occupied in these gymnastic feats. Did he meet his friend at the end of a Belgian railway journey, before he had had any opportunity of freeing himself from the dust, and conclude that the grime on his hands and forehead had come from the glaciers instead of the rails? We can assure this sensitive critic that members of the Alpine Club may be heard shouting for *eau fraiche* at any mountain inn in Switzerland, and that, on an emergency, they are not afraid to make use of a glacier pool, with the thermometer many degrees below freezing. This is no unusual specimen of the manner in which these topics are treated—at once ludicrous from the ignorance displayed and disgusting from its flippancy. But the travellers' dress annual can hardly survive the killing blast of last Monday, when the Paris Correspondent of the *Times* gravely wrote—"Your article about tourists' dress has done a great deal of good here; I saw several English to-day dressed properly." The force of nonsense could no further go. After a climax of such unequalled absurdity, the discussion must be allowed to die out for this season, and we shall not lament if it never is revived again.

#### THE ARMSTRONG GUN.

IT was impossible to read without anxiety an article which lately appeared in the *Mechanics Magazine*, imputing serious defects to the Armstrong gun. The reproduction of that article in the *Times* called forth an answer to it from Sir William Armstrong, which is, to some extent, but not wholly, satisfactory. The chief of the alleged defects lay in the vent-piece. It was stated, that if the vent-piece is made of steel, it breaks; and that if it is made of wrought iron, it bends. This is said to be the effect of rapid firing, such as would be necessary in actual service; and it is added, that during a recent experiment on board the *Trusty*, no less than nine vent-pieces were destroyed in working a single gun, and the gun was rendered unserviceable until repaired. The *Times* very naturally remarked upon this statement that the vent-piece appeared to be a weak point of the Armstrong system. This remark will have occurred to most persons who have inspected an Armstrong gun, and some of them may have thought that a system which involved such a disadvantage had perhaps been rather hastily adopted, and had certainly been too confidently extolled. The answer of Sir William Armstrong to this remark is, "that the weakness is one of construction, not of principle." Now, considering that we read every day of the substitution in ships and forts of the Armstrong guns for older ordnance, it is disappointing, although perhaps it may have been inevitable, that a serious weakness, whether of construction or of principle, should be proved on trial to exist in them. The vent-pieces used on board the *Trusty* having failed, Sir William Armstrong tells us that we must not be surprised. "The experience afforded by specimen guns" disclosed no defect. "It is only by observing the regular course of practice on an extended scale that the liabilities due to manufacture and service become apparent." This amounts very nearly to an admission that a defect might escape the inventor's scrutiny which would be discovered by an impartial or unfriendly application of a searching test. The Armstrong gun is tried under the auspices of its maker, and an applauding press bids Europe notice its complete success. It is tried again, as it would be tried on service, and a weakness "of construction" is detected in it. The gun is so beautiful and so ingenious, that, in our admiration for it and for the country which produced it, we forget to inquire whether it is practical. The War Office, which has made the gun, is all serene; but the Admiralty, which will have to use it, fears that "gimcrackery" will not stand hard work. Accordingly, the Admiralty determines that the gun shall be tried until the truth is known concerning it. The experiment is made, and the result is that "steel vent-pieces which had endured trials of great severity failed under ordinary use." These words of Sir William Armstrong go far to justify the apprehensions of unprejudiced observers. However, as steel vent-pieces proved unserviceable, it was determined to make them of wrought-iron, which promised to be a more suitable material. Up to the recent experiment on board the *Trusty*, no failure of a wrought-iron vent-piece had been reported. But they did fail in that experiment, whereupon Sir William Armstrong looks

down from his sublime abode, and blandly tells the nation that this failure arose "from special causes," which he has no doubt will be obviated hereafter. He certainly takes the matter coolly—more coolly, perhaps, than can be expected of people who remember how far the security of England has been made to depend upon this new artillery, which is liable to fail "from special causes;" that is to say, from causes which may possibly become operative on a sudden amid the exigencies of war. Sir William Armstrong, indeed, states that he has no doubt that, by making several changes, the liability of the vent-pieces to fail will be obviated. It is not, however, easy to forget that earlier promises remain partially unfulfilled. Guns have been largely issued which the maker now allows to be imperfect, and they have displaced older guns which, within their limited field of action, possessed an absolute immunity from any "special causes" of unexpected and inconvenient failure.

There is another point of high military importance on which Sir William Armstrong's answer is not quite so distinct as could be wished. It has frequently been found necessary, in covering the landing of troops, and on other occasions, to fire over the heads of friends at the enemy who opposed their progress. Now it is alleged that the lead-coated projectiles which are an essential part of the Armstrong system are apt to strip, so as to distribute a shower of missiles of various shape and size among the infantry whom the artillery is intended to support. It would be too much to expect steadiness from troops who should be thus assailed at once by friends and foes. Sir William Armstrong says that the groundlessness of this objection to his projectiles has been shown repeatedly. "The simple fact is, that the shell on bursting proves more effective if the lead be not too adhesive, but the lead may be made to hold with any degree of tenacity that may be required." Of course we accept this fact on the authority of Sir William Armstrong; but we should like to be informed whether in the manufacture of the 40,000 shells stored at Woolwich the safety of friends or the destruction of enemies has been chiefly studied. No doubt it is delightful to the artillerist to see his shell burst effectively, but the infantry may reasonably become impatient of practice, however brilliant, which pours lead "not too adhesive" upon their unprotected heads. Sir William Armstrong is honourably distinguished from some other constructors of rifled cannon, by declining to make a certain sacrifice of utility in pursuit of the doubtful advantage of extreme length of range. We hope that the same practical wisdom has guided his choice of the degree of tenacity which he has given to the leaden coating of his projectiles. But if he feels confident that he is right, he might easily have satisfied the public mind by saying so. His letter to the *Times* suggests the uncomfortable reflection that the civilian is apt to fall in understanding the necessities of war, while the soldier, who feels what is really wanted, does not often possess the knowledge to supply it.

If Sir William Armstrong were merely occupied in experiments to determine the form of cannon to be hereafter made, the tone of his letter to the *Times* would be more suitable than we think it is to the position in which he actually stands. He has spent a large sum of money, and has occupied time which, in the present state of Europe, is almost priceless; and still the nation is informed that, if it continues to wait and hope, something satisfactory shall ultimately be done. "It is impossible that a system of rifled breech-loading ordnance, with new forms of projectiles and fuses, can be at once brought to full perfection in all sizes of guns." Here, again, the language of Sir William Armstrong might, with little alteration, have proceeded from the mouths of his assailants. They have said that the Armstrong system might succeed very well in field-pieces, but that it would prove very difficult of application to heavy naval guns. There have been difficulties, and there has been delay; and complete success still appears to be far distant. Perhaps the guns which are being mounted on board the iron-cased ships and on forts may turn out well; and in that case we shall rejoice that Sir William Armstrong obtained authority to make the change. But they may turn out badly, and we can only learn from prolonged trial whether they will turn out well or badly. It may be that we could not have done anything more or less than we have done in this matter of remodelling our artillery, but at any rate we could have bragged less about it. If the Armstrong system is not finally brought to full perfection in large guns, this nation will become the laughing-stock of Europe. It would be well for the future to moderate our exultation, and also to take care that Sir William Armstrong does not monopolize public patronage to the exclusion of other inventors who may be quite as likely as himself to produce a trustworthy rifled cannon of large size. The British nation resembles the individuals who compose it in an invincible determination to deal at a shop which has a wide-spread name. We are, indeed, very well aware that, if the door is opened only a little way, the flood of warlike inventions which pours in is enough to sweep away the Department which sits inside. One of the latest novelties of which we have heard is a pattern of boots and trousers by the help of which soldiers can march across deep water without sinking beyond their hips, and can load and fire as they advance. There is almost a stereotyped form of statement that this invention having been refused, and the inventor having been laughed at by our authorities, it has been offered to the Emperor of the French, who has resolved, after careful experiment, to adopt it. Before



long the English coast will be menaced by an army which can march from Calais to Dover on a calm day. We cannot help feeling some compassion for a Department which is persecuted by such proposals as this. Nevertheless, it ought not to be forgotten that probably there was a time when Sir William Armstrong was himself regarded by officials with aversion and disbelief. Among many deceivers of themselves and others, there may be some meritorious inventors who have hitherto knocked at the public door in vain. We do not join the *Mechanics' Magazine* in appealing from the War Department to Lord Palmerston, because we do not share in the curious superstition that the versatile Premier is a good judge of engineering works and artillery. We are not aware that Lord Palmerston has evinced any special knowledge of projectile science, except in the order which he lately gave to remove a store of gunpowder from beneath his own bedroom in Walmer Castle. But by whatsoever name may be most potent with it, we entreat the War Department not to pin its faith exclusively and unalterably on Sir William Armstrong; and we beg our countrymen to bear in mind that that eminent artilleryist is conducting an experiment which is very costly and very critical, and of the results of which it is as yet premature to boast.

## REVIEWS.

### LETTERS AND PAPERS OF ARCHBISHOP LAUD.\*

THESE two volumes, if we mistake not, form part of the series called the *Anglo-Catholic Library*, but they are really as much historical as theological, and they are quite worthy of being considered by themselves, apart from all polemical associations. They form a collection of valuable materials for the history of the seventeenth century, partly before unpublished, partly brought together in a more convenient form than they had before appeared in. A large proportion of the letters to Strafford in the second volume are printed from originals in the possession of Earl Fitzwilliam, in the State Paper Office, and elsewhere. It is much to be regretted that we have not Strafford's letters to Laud, as well as other letters from contemporary Bishops and others, which are said to be omitted for fear of making the books too bulky, but which are certainly wanted to render the collection complete.

Laud is a person whom it is by no means easy to judge fairly. He is the idol of a few enthusiastic admirers, and he is the object of proportionate abhorrence to an opposer to theological school, while the political historian is commonly disposed to treat him with mere contempt. With one side he is a blessed martyr—with another he is one whom it was a shame to behead simply because he was not worth beheading. He did not deserve the fate of Strafford, simply because he had not Strafford's ability to be mischievous. This merely contemptuous view, we think, will not do. A man who was simply contemptible would hardly have been pursued with such bitterness, still less would he have obtained the position which he did obtain in the confidence of a man like Strafford. The feeling of contempt towards Laud arises, in a great measure, from utter want of sympathy with, rather than from condemnation of, his ecclesiastical reforms or innovations. The position of altars, and the like, seem such very small things for a man to trouble himself about. We never hear this sort of talk without thinking of Mr. Grote's profound remark that all religious doctrines and observances are apt to appear ridiculous to those who do not believe in them. No man can really understand a period of controversy who looks upon the points at issue with scorn. He had better be a violent partisan either way, for then he will understand at least one side. The indifferent philosopher often understands neither.

The Reformed Church of England has succeeded very much better as a fact than as a theory. As settled under Elizabeth, it was, according to any theory, Catholic or Protestant, utterly indefensible. Bishops, inheriting the temporal lordships and the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of their mediæval predecessors, inculcated the theology of Calvin as the only standard of orthodoxy. The proportion of the nation which stood at the exact distance from Popery on the one side and Presbytery on the other which Queen Elizabeth thought good, must have been wonderfully small. Yet the thing practically answered. Consistent or inconsistent, the Queen and her counsellors contrived to hit upon something which did in the end suit the English nation as conspicuously as it has failed to suit the Scotch, Welsh, and Irish nations. That any mortal man should have put the Common Prayer and the Articles together as forming collectively his personal standard of ritual and doctrine, is utterly inconceivable. Whether they ever formally contradict one another is a matter for canon lawyers. That the spirit of one is something quite different from the spirit of the other must be plain to every observer of common intelligence. But the inconsistency has worked practically well. It has enabled the Church to keep in her communion two sets of men, neither of whom could she have afforded to lose—those, namely, who tolerate the Articles for the sake of the Liturgy, and those who tolerate the Liturgy for the sake of the Articles. The two have now gone on together so long that probably

neither class is so large as the intermediate one which, with much logical perversity but with much practical good sense, contrives to yield an equal reverence to both.

Now, before things could shake down in this way, a good deal of ferment could not be avoided. We are accustomed to look on our ecclesiastical constitution and everything about it as something venerable and almost immemorial. We are apt to forget that in Laud's time the Prayer-book itself was comparatively a novelty. Laud was born only seventeen years after Cranmer was burned. If not his own father, at least his father's elder contemporaries, had said their prayers under two reigns in Latin, and under two reigns in English. As the practice had not yet become venerable, men were much more open to dispute the theory than they are now. The party in the days of the first Stuarts whom Laud represents, tried to set the theory on a firmer basis, and at the same time to make what they called reforms, and their enemies innovations. As usual, the theory broke down, but the practical move succeeded. Ask any respectable religious Englishman, who has no very distinct theories of ritual or dogma, how he would like a church with the communion-table in the middle of it, and with a preacher thundering out reprobation by the hour. It was the Laudian movement which delivered him from either. Laud's innovations, as they were called, both doctrinal and ritual, have thoroughly taken root. This surely shows that they could not have been so very silly as some represent.

The Laudian theory of Church and State was very much less successful than the Laudian practical reform. Its weakest point is the utter isolation to which it condemns the English Church. The Roman Catholic and the Presbyterian each have brethren in other lands. The true Anglican has, strictly speaking, none. He has sons—Scotch Episcopalians, Americans, English colonists—but no brothers. He recognises the ancient churches both of East and West, but neither of them recognises him. The Protestants of the Continent recognise him, but he does not—at least he cannot in any formal way—recognise them. Even with the Swedish Church, where, as in England, Protestant doctrine has coalesced with Episcopal government and much of Catholic ritual, we have no sort of intercommunion. Theoretically, it is easy to answer all this—to say that intercommunion with Rome is suspended till Rome gives up her corruptions, or that we can have no dealings with Geneva till Geneva mends her imperfections, that even Sweden must prove whether a certain Bishop Laurentius Petri was duly consecrated. Practically, however, it is a great stumbling-block. And this isolation is the immediate result of the Laudian theory. The earlier Elizabethan Church freely received foreign Protestants as brethren. But such brethren were a good deal scandalized at the sight of the Lord Bishop in his cope. In the Laudian theory the whole Anglican Government and ritual fit into their proper places, but they do so at the cost of utter spiritual isolation from the rest of the world.

Laud's own age kicked, and for a while successfully kicked, both at his doctrinal and his ritual changes. The "Arminian," "the spawn of the Papist," was voted down by Parliaments, and hooted down by mobs. But the Arminian triumphed in the long run. So as to ceremony. We believe that in all South Britain, one out-of-the-way Welsh church, whose name we forget, stands alone in never having been reformed according to Laud's notions of ritual decency. The table set "altar-wise" at the east end is so thoroughly taken for granted, that we almost fancy the storms of Laud's time must have been about something else. His Church and State theory again—submitting the Church to the King, but to a king who was made into a kind of priest—has gone with the gradual growth of constitutional government. For a bishop to be nominated by the Lord's Anointed was a different matter from a bishop being nominated by a Minister responsible to a House of Commons of all religious persuasions. But the old-fashioned "Church and King" feeling, by no means yet extinct, is the echo of the Laudian theory. The very arrangement of the words would have sounded treasonable to Henry or Elizabeth.

It is the strange mixture of religion and politics in the seventeenth century which makes it so difficult rightly to estimate the character of any actor in those times. Laud was a Minister of Charles, an accomplice with Strafford in the plot of "Thorough," a partner in several despotic and cruel acts. So the men who most stoutly defended the ancient rights of Englishmen belonged to one of the narrowest of theological factions, and clamoured like wolves for the quarters and entrails of unhappy Popish priests. To us it seems passing strange that men could not get rid of Ship-Money and the Star-Chamber without smashing painted windows and taking down the Cross in Chesham. We can see no inconsistency in preaching at once the theological free-will of man and the political freedom of the subject. In Laud's time a man had to choose between the two.

Laud's character was, on the whole, very well summed up by the Puritan May, that he was "a man not so bad as unfit for the state of England." His private character no one ever seriously impeached. He was bountiful as the most bountiful of mediæval prelates—learned, after the somewhat quaint fashion of his time, and a generous encourager of learning in others. He was a thorough priest, zealous at once for the exaltation and for the reformation of his order. In his connexion with Buckingham it is hard to acquit him of unworthy subserviency, but so strange a partnership is a sign of the marvellous influence which Buckingham contrived to exercise over those who came personally

\* *The Works of the Most Reverend Father in God, William Laud, D.D., sometime Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. Vol. vi.—Miscellaneous Papers—Letters. Vol. vii.—Letters. Oxford: Parker, 1837—60.*

in his way. It is evident that Laud loved power, and often exercised it in a meddling, irksome way; it is really ludicrous to see how, even before his place of Primate gave him some right so to do, he bestirred himself in all matters everywhere, as a sort of Anglican Pope. That he was violent and hot-headed were personal faults; but the charge of intolerance is one which he shares with nearly every other man of his age, of what sect or party soever. And we must always remember the nature of controversy in those days. We are apt to look upon the Puritans as Dissenters. They were not Dissenters, in our sense, at all. It was an internecine struggle within the Church. The question was not whether Lord Say should be allowed to set up his private Ebenezer, but whether the Book of Common Prayer should be enforced or forbidden within St. Paul's Cathedral. It was not whether those who disliked bishops should have license to set up some other polity in another communion, but whether Episcopacy should be extirpated root and branch. In this matter Catholics, Anglicans, Puritans were all equally guilty. Religious liberty in the end gained by their struggles, but religious liberty itself was utterly unknown to any of them.

Among the purely ecclesiastical matters, some of the most important letters are those between Laud and his supposed rival, Williams. There is a considerable correspondence between them, highly creditable to both parties, about certain rights which the Archbishop claimed to exercise in his metropolitan visitation, but which the Bishop of Lincoln maintains to be contrary to the privileges of his see. Both have the sense to keep their temper, and to treat the thing as a matter of law, and not to call one another Korah, Judas, and Lucifer, and "Archidiabolus," as contending bishops did a few centuries earlier. There is also a very interesting correspondence with Bedell, Bishop of Kilmore, in which that good prelate bitterly complains of the exactions of his officials, whom he tries in vain to get rid of, and who make the Church hateful to the people. But the man to whom Laud opens his heart is Strafford. To him he writes of all matters, great and small. With him he unbends, and makes little jokes, and even swears little oaths. As Socrates swore by the dog and the goose, we find Laud swearing by an opposition Archbishop's stockings (i. 311). In the next page we find him rallying Wentworth for being more ceremonious with his Grace of Canterbury than he had been with his Lordship of London:—

Now, my Lord, why may you not write, as whilom you did to the Bishop of London? The man is the same, and the same to you; but I see you stay for better acquaintance, and till then you will keep distance. I perceive, also, my predecessor's awe is upon you, but I doubt I shall never hold it long; and I was about to swear by my troth, as you do, but I remember oaths heretofore were wont to pass under the Privy Seal, and not the ordinary seal of letters. Well, wiser or not, you must take that as you find it; but I will not write any long letters, and leave out my mirth, it is one of the recreations I have always used with my friends, and 'tis hard leaving an old custom, neither do I purpose to do it; though I mean to make choice of my friends, to whom I will use it.

Elsewhere, in a passage evidently merry, but whose wit has passed away, we find one Dr. James, Bishop of Durham, spoken of, without further title, as "James" (vi. 374). Is this merely the unfixed spelling of the seventeenth century, or has *Punch* had to go to Archbishop Laud for jokes?

Speaking of Strafford, we must give one hint to the editor. In a dry editorial note, supplying merely a name and a date, he should not speak of Strafford's "murder." He should rather follow the imperturbable impartiality of Mr. Stubbs, all whose bishops, whether put to death by Pagans, Papists, or Puritans, always simply "die."

Finally, Laud, among his other infinite occupations, was Chancellor of two Universities—Oxford and Dublin. At Oxford he wrought much good and much evil. Some may be tempted to think that even the punishment of beheading was not too severe for the founder of the Hebdomadal Board. In another academical character he had, it seems, like his present successor, an "All Souls' Case" to deal with. There are several pretty strong visitatorial letters to the Warden. We will wind up with the cream of one of them:

And now, since I have dealt thus freely, and with such an open hand to the Company, I must desire you, Mr. Warden, to let them know that I shall take it very ill if the Fellows do not every way conform themselves to honour their Founder, by obeying his Statutes, and conforming themselves to that which will be most beneficial for them. It is not long since I have heard of two complaints against the Fellows, or rather against the government; and I hope you, and they together, will mend both. The one is, that the scholar-like exercises required by statute are not duly kept; and the other, that the Fellows, divers of them, are too chargeable in their clothes, and follow the fashions too much. I hope the fault in these kinds is not so great as it is made to me, but the greater it is, the fitter to be amended, and I shall expect it be.

#### L'ANCIEN FIGARO.\*

THIS is another of the books which irritate M. de Persigny by making their way into French circulation "through the fissures of the law." At least, he must regard it with very mixed emotions. On the one hand, *Figaro* in the days of Charles X. was decidedly Napoleonist. Napoleonism was the enemy of his enemy, and he did not care to inquire any further into its merits. The same process of reasoning will probably make M. de Persigny regard this resuscitation of *Figaro's* once potent jokes with some complacency. He hates the descendants of Henri Quatre

with an animosity which is only explicable on the good old rule, *odisse quem laesis*; and it will have given him no small gratification to be reminded how the most contemptible of their line was defied and conquered by the wit which he and his master alone have learned the trick to tame. On the other hand, *Figaro* was a Liberal of as decided a hue as any of those whom M. de Persigny warns, suppresses, imprisons, or exiles. Of his fate, if he had chanced to joke under the beneficent rule of the Chosen of the People instead of under the hereditary tyranny of Charles X., there can be very little doubt. In the hands of the polite but inflexible "black man," he would have prayed for the resuscitation of Charles X. and M. de Polignac as for the return of a Saturnian era. Unluckily for M. de Persigny, the devices of tyranny and the victims whom it selects are so much the same in every age that the sallies which hit the Restoration Government so hard require very little repairing to hit equally hard in the year 1861. The actors are different, and the sentiments invoked or ridiculed have changed; but most of the grievances are, word for word, the same. If *Figaro* could rise again, and were allowed to handle M. de Persigny with the same merciless severity that he showed to Polignac or Villeflé, the burden of his sarcasms would still be the muzzling of the press, the shameless corruption and intimidation practised by Government officials at elections, the arts by which a majority has been created and is retained for the Administration, and the relentless persecution of the partisans of a former state of things. The only difference is, that the tyranny in the one case was merely inchoate, while in the latter it is complete; and the result is, that the people and the press who resisted, inveighed against, and heroically overthrew the one, crouch abjectly to the other. It is a lesson to tyrants to do their work thoroughly, if they do it at all. The only attempt at expressing the discontent which once was so bold and reckless is made under the thick veil of literary undertakings such as that before us. Like Camille Desmoulins under the Reign of Terror, they can only criticise the present by pretending to write a history of the past. It must be admitted that M. Gaborian has done his work ingeniously. He does not drop a word that can betray that he sees the double application of the sarcasms he reprints. While he puts prominently forward those which relate to the legislation against the press, and the manipulations of the electoral and the Parliamentary majority, he writes as if he were wholly unaware that any one since the fall of Charles X. has been guilty of those enormities. But the satire is not the less biting for this assumed unconsciousness.

*Figaro's* epigrams will be welcomed by students of history as giving a livelier picture of the state of opinion in France a generation back than any detailed analysis could do. It is curious, and somewhat mournful, to study, by the light of subsequent events the features of a public opinion which dreamed so happily and whose dreams have been so rudely dispelled. It gives a terrible picture of the completeness with which a very few years of calamity and disenchantment will alter the tone of a nation's feelings and undermine its public morals. No one can read this book without perceiving that, from the year 1825 to 1830, the political feeling and temper of the school which had the most influence on French opinion differed in scarcely anything from that which is now dominant in England and in Italy. Military glory was the object of no excessive attention. Foreign policy was not specially predominant. Liberty was highly valued, but there was little mention of equality. It was the Royal power, and the power of men who had nothing but a pedigree to recommend them, that was the object of jealousy; but there was no thought of setting the ignorant to govern the educated, or the poor to govern the rich. The aims of good government, as they are understood in other countries—moderation in expenditure, purity in the administration of law and the conduct of legislation, certainty of justice, prosperity of trade, freedom of religion—occupied the thoughts of men. Scarcely a trace is visible of the tastes which grow under an Imperial régime—conquest abroad and pageantry at home. In short, there is no appearance of that special inaptitude for regulated freedom which is often imputed to the French people in the present day by the apologists of military despotism. The life and energy of a Constitutional State seem to have existed under the same conditions, to be liable to the same drawbacks, and to offer the same advantages in the atmosphere of Paris as in any other atmosphere in the world. There are some peculiarities, however, worthy of note in the public opinion to which *Figaro* addressed himself. Foremost among them is the genuine fervid horror of the *ancien régime* which seems still to have been the dominant feeling of the French. Of course the words *Bastille* or *lettres-de-cachet* had the same effect upon the ear of a Parisian of that period that the words "Star Chamber" and "High Commission" had upon the ears of our fathers under the two later Stuarts. But the antipathy went much further than this. It extended to everything, great or small, which the Revolution had overthrown and Napoleon had not reintroduced. Traces of this feeling might be culled from all parts of the volume; but the strongest illustration of it is contained in the celebrated number of the 9th of August, 1829. When the Polignac Ministry was installed, not quite a year before the fall of the dynasty it ruined, the newspapers which for four years had maintained a constant skirmish with Charles X. set up a yell of scorn and indignation. *Figaro* led the way. The morning after Polignac's appointment, appeared the number which the authorities seized at once, and which, on the strength of that

\* *L'Ancien Figaro*. Par Emile Gaborian. Paris: Dentu. 1861.



seizure, immediately sold more than 10,000 copies, printed clandestinely in the cellars. M. Gaborian gives it at length. It is full of every suggestion, probable, possible, or obviously calumnious, which ingenuity could devise to discredit the new Government. But almost all the sarcasms turned on the change of something that dated from the Revolution, or the re-establishment of something which it swept away. The gravest and the most trivial insinuations are heaped together. The architect of the Court had been ordered to prepare a plan for the rebuilding of the Bastille. The *hommage lige et leudes* was to be re-established. *Lettres-de-cachet* were to be reintroduced, and the *grand bailli* of Vermandois was to be reappointed. And so on it goes throughout. There was, of course, nothing wonderful in *Figaro* trying to throw as much dirt as possible at the Minister in such a crisis. But the curious thing is the estimate which his selection of points proves to have existed in the public mind of the relative horrors of the *ancien régime* and the Reign of Terror. Bohain and others who were trying, through *Figaro*, to work upon the public mind, do not show the slightest shyness in recalling the memories of the Revolution by imputing hostility to it to the Court. They do not seem to have feared in the least that such recollections would damp the ardour of their readers, or suggest to any one's mind the fear that it might be dangerous to try again the expedient which once before had so egregiously miscarried. They counted, and apparently with a just confidence, on the impression made by the Bastille having outlasted the impression made by the guillotine.

Another curious feature is the tone always adopted by *Figaro* on the subject of religion. It brings out very strikingly the similarity which was then growing up between French and English habits of thoughts—widely as the two nations have parted asunder since. A reader who opened the book at random might almost imagine that it was a French translation of *Punch* during the Papal Aggression, or a jocosé version of one of Mr. Spooner's speeches on Maynooth. All the old familiar commonplaces against the Papacy with which we are so familiar in England make their appearance as weapons against the devout King and his devout councillors. The burden of at least fifty *bon mots* is that the Jesuits are addicted to the habit of assassination. The charges of immorality, even of the most horrible kind, against various orders, are given even more boldly than would be ventured at a meeting of the Protestant Defence Association. Directors, devout women, and nuns are favourite subjects for witticisms of the same kind. Saint Bartholomew is frequently alluded to—recommended, of course, by the fact that it was perpetrated by the last French monarch of the name of Charles; and the *auto da fé* which the Spanish priests had the indiscretion, as well as the wickedness, to celebrate about this period furnishes abundant capital to *Figaro*. Even the foreign language of the services comes in for an occasional allusion. The peculiarity of these attacks upon the religion dominant in France is that they do not go much further. Before the great Revolution, and since the Revolution of July, the stand-point for such attacks has been infidel; and there has been no lack of pens to make them. But during the reign of Charles X., the stand-point appears to have been, in effect, Protestant. Voltaire used to seize on all the points which *Figaro* uses, and worked them mercilessly; but he joined to them an equally merciless ridicule of the whole Christian system, and never dreamed of drawing any distinctions between the abuses and the stock on which they grew. If the conductors of *Figaro* stopped short, and left Christianity alone, it was assuredly from no scrupulousness; for their sympathy with Voltaire peeps out on one or two occasions. It could only have been because they judged that the public opinion for which they were writing would relish attacks on the Jesuits, but would not relish attacks on Christianity. Yet this approximation to English types of opinion was no result of *Anglomanie*—it was merely the fruit of a temporary similarity of institutions. *Figaro* breathes all an Imperialist's hatred of England. His bitterest shafts are pointed with allusions to Wellington and Waterloo. One of his main complaints against Polignac was his residence in England, and his supposed friendship for the Great Duke.

Exhumed jokes are naturally not lively; and therefore we have not quoted any of the smart epigrams which M. Gaborian has culled with such meritorious care. But if any one desires to know the exact difference between the oppression of the Restoration and the liberties for which France has exchanged it at the cost of three revolutions, he may measure it by comparing the *Ancient Figaro* with the last number of *Charivari*. Even the resurrected wit of thirty years ago sounds hearty and spirited by the side of the efforts of the half-stifled joker of to-day.

#### DR. TWISS ON THE LAW OF NATIONS.\*

WHEATON'S work on the Elements of International Law was so incomplete in itself, and has been rendered so much more incomplete by the time that has elapsed since its publication, that a work in English that would deal adequately with international law, and bring down our knowledge to the present day, was greatly wanted. Mr. Lawrence, in the last American edition of Wheaton, greatly added to the bulk of the book, and threw a considerable amount of information into his

closely-printed notes. But the original imperfections of the work remained, and a large proportion of the notes dealt with subjects in which the United States were mainly concerned. At last Dr. Phillimore contributed a work of which it is difficult to speak too highly, and which really told us all that it was important to know. Undeterred by Dr. Phillimore's success, Dr. Twiss now takes us over the same ground. At present he deals only with one portion of International Law—that relating to a time of peace. The remainder is yet to come. We cannot congratulate him on the success of this first portion. It has all the faults which such a book ought not to have. It is vague, pretentious, very imperfect, and marked by serious blunders. The only merit to which it can lay claim is that on a few points it gives information in a clear and compact shape. Dr. Twiss seems to have been led by accident or chance to get up with disproportionate care some of the topics of which he has to treat. Here and there we come upon a mass of information, ample in itself, and neatly put together. There is a sketch of the position in International Law of the Ottoman Empire; there is an account of the history of the *Stade Dues*; there are references to the constitution and history of the Republics of South America which are well worth looking at. The constitution of the Swiss Confederation is also given much more fully and accurately than in Wheaton, and it would not, perhaps, be difficult to add one or two more to these instances of partial industry and success.

But if satisfactory information is given on some isolated topics, there are many other points in Dr. Twiss's book where we notice nothing but barrenness. Sometimes a whole branch of a subject is omitted—sometimes illustrations of great notoriety and importance are passed by in silence. It seems quite an accident whether Dr. Twiss does or does not go into a subject that lies in his way. And the curious thing is, that Dr. Phillimore's book was there already made to his hand. He had only to check his own want of knowledge by Dr. Phillimore's ample stores of information. Perhaps he may have held himself above borrowing; but he has thereby also held himself above knowing what was wanted. On the subject of intervention, for example, which is treated by Dr. Phillimore with great care and thought, Dr. Twiss has scarcely anything to say. The subject occupies fifty pages in Dr. Phillimore's work, and three in Dr. Twiss's. Dr. Phillimore sums up six grounds on which intervention has been thought justifiable, and illustrates each by a most full and laborious exhaustion of all the established instances known in the history of international law. Dr. Twiss only takes notice of interventions effected to support the balance of power, and only of a very few of these. He passes entirely over so important a subject as intervention in order to protect co-religionists. In discussing the question of rights of Fishery, Dr. Twiss takes no notice of the famous and long-enduring dispute on this point between England and America. In laying down the law as to possession by prescription, he makes no allusion to the Honduras question, which is one of the leading cases on the subject. In treating of the jurisdiction of nations over the open sea, he does not refer to the cases of the *Cagliari* or the *Carlo Alberto*. And yet he sets out the proceedings in the recent case of the fugitive slave Anderson, so that it is not because illustrative events are of modern date that he excludes them. All is at haphazard. The letter of the United Sovereigns announcing to the Prince Regent the formation of the Holy Alliance is printed in full, although, as not being countersigned by any Ministers, it had no diplomatic effect, and belongs to general history rather than to that of International Law; while, on the other hand, so important an illustration of conventions creating a right of innocent passage as the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty is utterly ignored.

Imperfect, however, and capricious as is the method on which Dr. Twiss compiles or omits the facts of international law, his method of dealing with the principles is ten times worse. The readers of Wheaton will remember the introductory chapter in which that author strings together, without comment, order, or examination, the opinions of one Continental writer after another as to the bases and contents of international law. This was excusable in Wheaton, whose book throughout was rather a jotting-down of the things that happened to interest him, or that he had noted up, than a systematic treatise. Wheaton did not make much pretence to the character of a philosopher; and as he wrote what, in its way, was a new book, and was valuable for the information it contained, and the sound sense that pervaded it, the rapid and careless way in which he passes over the philosophical side of his subject very slightly impairs the success of his work. But it is a very different thing when we have an imitation of his philosophical method by a writer long subsequent, after so much has been written both in England and on the Continent to clear up the problems that lie at the bottom of the question as to the sources of international law, and when the historical character of the principles and terms of this law has been so amply illustrated. Here we have the same old familiar style of reasoning and philosophizing as if no one could want anything new. Grotius says this, and Barbeyrac says that, and Bynkershoek says something else—and so on, for page after page. Who is right, and why, and how far—this is what we want to know; and this we are about as likely to learn by reading Dr. Twiss as by reading the *Court Guide*. This stringing together of random and useless authorities is carried much further by Dr. Twiss than even by Wheaton. There is nothing in Wheaton like the following passage:—"Man is sometimes spoken of as living in a state of nature when he is living under the rudest forms of physical life, and the law of his

\* The Law of Nations, considered as Independent Political Communities. —On the Rights and Duties of Nations in Time of Peace. By Travers Twiss, D.C.L. Oxford and London. 1861.

existence under such forms is by certain writers laid down to be the Law of Nature applicable to human beings. Such a view of the Law of Nature will indeed harmonize in substance with the *Jus Naturale* of Ulpian, who defines it to be that law which Nature teaches all animals." What purpose can such a passage as this serve? It gives no information, historical or philosophical. It cannot possibly elucidate any proposition as to international law. Unless we are told historically who these people were, and how they came to hold this opinion, we learn nothing as to the course of thought. Unless we are told why what they thought was wrong or right, we cannot learn anything as to the true meaning of the law of nature. In order to attach any sense to the passage, we must know beforehand the relation of the views of Rousseau on society to the conception of natural law which the Dutch jurists deduced from Cicero and the Pandects. We must also know the relation which the *Jus Naturale* of Ulpian bears to the common acceptance of the term in Roman law. We might then arrive at the opinion that the divergence of Rousseau and his school from those who had gone before was like the divergence of Ulpian from other Roman jurists. We do not think the opinion at all true, but, if ably put, it might have been worth considering. As it is, Dr. Twiss gives us nothing further than a statement that somebody thought something, and that this seems to him rather like what somebody else thought.

On one occasion, however, Dr. Twiss has something to say of his own, and he makes so much of it that he not only inserts it in the body of the book, but repeats it in his preface. Mr. Austin lays down in his work on the province of jurisprudence that international law is not law in the very strictest sense of the term, because it is not a command imposed by a definite superior. This opinion Dr. Twiss controverts. International law is strictly law. "It appears," he says, "to be a well-founded distinction between a rule of law and a rule of morality, that whenever the sanction of a rule of conduct is physical—in other words, whenever the sanction is fear of injury to person or property—the rule may be properly classed under the head of law, as distinguished from morality, the sanctions of which are only to be discovered in the human conscience." This shows an entire misconception of the grounds on which international law is said by Austin to be distinguished from law properly so called. It was not because war was not a sufficient sanction that he drew the distinction, but because there were no definite persons or body who imposed the command. The binding force of international law, so far as it is derived from the sanction of war, rests on the probability that a wholly undeterminate portion of a scarcely determinate body will chastise the offender. It is not certain that any one will take the matter up by an appeal to arms; it is not certain what nation, if any, will play the part of avenger; it is not exactly known how large is the circle of nations out of whom the avengers can be expected in any case to come. For this reason, and also because international law rests so largely on the sanction of opinion (which Dr. Twiss wholly ignores), Austin, with his extreme love of exactitude, says that international law is not law in the very strictest sense of the term, although he expressly points out that the analogy between it and law strictly so called is very close—one of its points of resemblance being that it may be enforced by a physical sanction, such as that of war. That is, Austin notices the very point which Dr. Twiss thinks so great a discovery, and examines why, although it constitutes a show of resemblance, it does not make the resemblance complete and perfect. Austin may have, perhaps, been a little too subtle in his use of the terminology of law, but his method of calm and minute analysis had the immense advantage of preserving him from ever writing what would not bear examination. Dr. Twiss uses legal terms, and lays down legal principles, and offers legal definitions, without ever apparently having given a moment's reflection to see whether they would bear the testing of the most obvious questions. In the passage we have quoted, for example, he states that the sanctions of morality are only to be discovered in the human conscience. Are these the only sanctions of morality? Is morality defended by no sanctions except those which are internal. Does not the opinion of society—the sanction of being avoided, or disgraced, or ridiculed—constitute one of the most powerful motives for adherence to that portion of morality with which society concerns itself? Then, again, the definition of law which Dr. Twiss offers as "broad" and satisfactory as opposed to what he most strangely calls the "primeval notion" of Mr. Austin, is that "Law is an Ordinance of Reason promulgated for the common good." This is exactly one of those vague bits of grandiloquence which Austin loved to turn in and out until he had exposed their utter futility. What is the meaning of promulgated? Does it mean merely published, or published by a person having authority, and also enforced by a sanction? If so, this ought to be a part of the definition. As it stands, any sensible opinion publicly stated with a view to confer a general benefit would be called by Dr. Twiss a law. A recommendation, for example, by an eminent physician, that children should wear flannel next their skin would be a law. Austin has, indeed, written in vain if legal phraseology has no more accuracy and meaning in England than Dr. Twiss would give it.

Perhaps, however, the most astonishing part of the book is that in which Dr. Twiss has occasion to refer to the Roman civil law. We should expect a competent knowledge of the rudimentary parts of the Roman law in any one who set himself to treat of international law; and Dr. Twiss is not only a

writer on international law, but a professor of civil law. But the doctrines of civil law propounded in this volume contain not mere mistakes of detail, such as any one who made a hasty reference might commit, but errors of a fundamental kind, which involve an ignorance of some of the most elementary positions of the Roman law. Dr. Twiss, in one passage (p. 359), writes thus:—"The term servitude is borrowed from the civil law of the Romans, where it is used to designate certain forms of innocent use—as, for instance, a right of way across the land of a neighbor. A servitude was distinguished by the Roman jurists from a right; and in order to convert a servitude into a right, some compact or stipulation to that effect was requisite. 'Si quis velit vicino aliquid jus constituere, pactionibus atque stipulationibus id efficere debet.' This passage contains two blunders. In the first place, Dr. Twiss states that servitudes are certain forms of 'innocent use.' By innocent use is meant that the thing used is used in such a way that the owner of the thing receives no damage or loss whatever. He is exactly as well off as if the use were not made. A river, for example, is said by Grotius to be a thing, so far as navigation goes, *utilitatis innoxia*; that is, the river is just as useful to its owners whether a ship of another nation goes on it or not. Whether Grotius was right in classing the things he did class under the head of things of 'innocent usefulness,' is a different question. But at any rate no doubt exists as to the meaning of the term. Now the great feature of servitudes generally was that their use was a burden, a damage, and a loss to the owner of the thing used. Among servitudes were such rights as the right of digging minerals in another man's land, and the right of usufruct, or the perception of all the produce of the soil. An owner who has parted with the usufruct must be of a very contented mind if he regards the interest of the usufructuary as 'an innocent use'—that is, if he holds that it makes no difference and involves no loss to him, the owner, that another man may take all the corn and grass that grows on his land. Secondly, Dr. Twiss states that a servitude was distinguished from a right, and that a compact was necessary to turn a servitude into a right (*jus*). Slight familiarity with the text of the *Institutes* would have shown him his error. In the passage he quotes, *jus* is actually used as here meaning a servitude. This is obvious to any one who looks at the context. But it so happens that the very same words are repeated, with a special servitude inserted in the place which *jus* occupies in the sentence quoted by Dr. Twiss. "Sine testamento vero si quis velit usufructum alii constituere, pactionibus et stipulationibus id efficere debet." Nor is this a slight and trivial mistake. The great value of the Roman law to modern students is, that it forces them to think over the elementary and necessary divisions of law, to have clear ideas as to rudimentary terms, and to mean something by what they say. Now, if Dr. Twiss thought that an existing servitude was not a right until a compact was added, what did he think it was? If it was not a *jus in rem*, or *in personam*, and yet was treated by the law as existing, as enforceable, as due, what was it? The haziness of mind that prevented Dr. Twiss from asking himself so obvious a question is not accidental or immaterial. It shows that where he has to treat of the civil law he is almost sure to be untrustworthy, unless he is merely copying the correct statements of more competent writers.

We cannot see any one good purpose that this work is calculated to serve. A treatise on international law must be intended either for those who are practically concerned with the subject—for statesmen and jurists—or it must be intended for students. Dr. Twiss's volume is of no use to the former class, for they have already in Dr. Phillimore's book got an exhaustive work, excellently arranged, and written with care, accuracy, and good sense. Why should they exchange it for a crude, slight, imperfect work, in which the very thing they are looking for will very probably be omitted altogether? For a student, the book is even less valuable. It does not make much difference to a diplomatist or a lawyer that fragments of philosophical opinions are piled up one on another in unmeaning confusion, that there is not nicety or exactitude in the use of legal phraseology or in the statement of legal conceptions, and that the author has not troubled himself much with Roman law. But to the student all this is very material. He wants to understand the history, the meaning, and the value of the philosophical conceptions that belong to the province of international law; he requires to learn the art of giving to legal terms a sense that shall be at once adequate and clear: he ought to make a sound acquaintance with Roman law the instrument of investigating the language and contents of international law. He wants to be most guided exactly where Dr. Twiss would most mislead him. A book for students, of moderate compass, that can take the place of Wheaton, is still as inaccessible as ever. But it might easily be had. The only weak part of Dr. Phillimore's large work is the introductory portion. It fails, we think, in the historical investigation of the terms and growth of international law. But if this part were re-written and the rest judiciously condensed, the student might have in one volume all that he could possibly want.

#### A DRIFT.\*

THE dedication of this book to Mr. Disraeli, "whose example the writer has (at a great distance) kept as steadily in view as the mariner keeps a beacon," prepared us for something

\* *Adrift*. A Novel. By Frank Fowler. Dedicated, by permission, to the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, M.P. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1861.



romantic, mysterious, and Oriental. We have no reason to feel disappointed on its perusal. Considering the dimensions of the work, and its fragmentary character, there is no stint of horrors and strange adventures. Their effect, moreover, is heightened by the narrative being thrown into the form of a diary, the object of which is to invest the story with greater verisimilitude. In this we do not think the author has been particularly successful. It is one thing to dress up a tale in an authentic form, and another to contrive a plot or series of incidents which shall wear the appearance of probability. The first is an easy and stale device of the novelist. The latter is a much more delicate and difficult matter, and requires something more than mere ingenuity. One of the chief defects in the novels of the present day is their clumsy and inartistic construction. Their utter improbability strikes the reader at every page. Delineation of character is thought everything, and a good plot nothing. This is a great mistake. However skillfully they are portrayed, we cease to feel much interest about persons who studiously act as no human being ever acted, and incidents which are perpetually contradicting the experience of real life. Not that it is any merit in a novel that its subject should be ordinary or commonplace. Writers of fiction have a vested interest in the startling and marvellous. They profess to describe salient and exceptional circumstances, not the common everyday current of events. But, given the circumstances, the tale must evolve itself in an easy and natural manner, consistent with what the reader, as a reasonable being, might expect. The selection of some extraordinary or supernatural subject is quite compatible with an observance of probability in the treatment of details. Many of Edgar Poe's stories are striking instances of this. He describes in one ascent to the moon, with so much art, and so much of incident borrowed from actual experience, that, assuming the possibility of what he describes, or swallowing the impossibility, everything, we feel sure, would happen exactly as he represents. The subtlety of the mechanism employed blinds our eyes to the fact that the author is imposing all the while on our credulity. In like manner, the genius of Defoe enabled him to invest a ghost story of his own creation with so much that was circumstantial, and (assuming the main feature) probable, that it was generally believed to be true. These are masterpieces of their kind. But this exquisite perception of the *raisonnable* is a rare gift among writers of fiction. It would be hardly fair to refer to those few whose writings exhibit it to perfection, unless such criticism were challenged, as in the volume under review, by an ostentatious pretence of authenticity.

There is a twofold improbability in *Adrift*. The character of the hero of the tale is neither natural nor original. It is evidently borrowed from French romance. The union of crime with high birth and refined manners is a common feature of the French novel. The noble spendthrift, driven by his debts to replenish his own purse at the expense of the public, who robs and murders with perfect *sang froid* and politeness, is almost a stock character in the pages of Dumas or Sue. But we venture to think that such a creation is eminently un-English. A wild son is an infliction from which even an English peer is undoubtedly not exempt; but we question whether the heir of any noble lord ever yet took to systematic piracy in the South Atlantic as a means of getting his bread. Still less would he be likely, assuming him to have adopted such a profession, to preserve the manners of a high-bred gentleman, to dance, sing, and play the guitar with the most accomplished ease, to indulge in a picturesque style of conversation, and to retain such a knowledge of Homer as to take up a random quotation and finish it in unexceptionable Greek. This portrait only wanted the finishing touches of a face as sensitive as a girl's, a "musical voice," "a low laugh," and "lustrous ringlets," to be a perfect embodiment of that highly Byronic conception, the ideal Corsair. We have an old acquaintance before us, not improved, we think, by his new disguise. The pirate is usually associated with the hot blood and ill-regulated passions of the South. There is something preposterous in the notion of an ex-student of the University of Oxford turning buccaneer—and for so very inadequate a reason, too, as a disappointment in love. *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*. We are left to conjecture the gradual transformation of the guest at the Mitre wine-party into the wholesale murderer on the high seas. His rapid moral declension is a problem we are unable to solve. A year's yachting would have eased his wounded feelings, and given him the opportunity of venting his spleen against womankind; for, that he should have conceived a spite against the sex was only natural. We can fancy that he would return from the East, after a few years' absence, a confirmed *mauvaise langue*—the puzzle and despair of scheming Belgravian mothers. But that he should ever have taken to the criminal practices related in these pages it is very hard to believe, unless he had a mind to qualify for a hero of romance.

Enough has been said as to the character who figures most prominently in Mr. Harper Atherton's diary. We pass on to the examination of his story, which does not bear the internal marks of probability. A vessel of 750 tons, by name the *Fingal*, sailed from Gravesend for Australia with several passengers, and a crew composed for the most part of a villainous set of Lascars. The chief mate, who has engaged all these worthies for purposes of his own, which we rather wonder at the captain's allowing, was a Brazilian, by name Molyneux, although, as Mr. Harper Atherton observes, he has good reason to know that he was of Northern origin and education. The passengers to whom we are particularly introduced are two young ladies—the Miss

Paleys—"both smitten with consumption," Mr. Travers, "the gravely jocular, going direct from Oxford to the diggings," and Mrs. Stebbings, "a stiff, dignified, but withal truly amiable lady of threescore and upwards;" and her three sons. The captain was a very jovial individual, with bumps upon his forehead which were a sort of thermometer of his temper. The ship had not been many days at sea before a mutiny occurs, and the Lascars, under the lead of the chief mate, succeed in murdering most of the passengers. Mr. Harper Atherton owed his life to his office as surgeon, being wanted to attend to the wounded among the mutineers. The triumph, however, of the miscreants is short. The captain, who had escaped by gnawing through the ropes by which his arms were tied (why he was not murdered with others it does not appear) manages to turn the tables upon them, and they retire to the fore-castle, leaving their chief wounded and a prisoner in the saloon. The following conversation between him and his doctor throws some light upon the Northern education which peeped through his Brazilian exterior:—

"Do you know to whom you are talking?" he inquired with a curl of the lip.

"To a cold-blooded murderer, who ought to be hung without delay."

"Indeed?"

"And if I had my will, I'd do it."

"I thank Heaven, then, doctor," he observed, with most tantalizing good humour, "you haven't your will. But I again ask you, Do you know the man whose wound you, by the blessing of Providence, will have the honour of healing?"

"I gave him the curtest of negatives."

"Come here and I'll tell you."

"I don't know why I leaned down; certainly I never expected to hear what I did. Although I didn't believe what he told me, it was said with such a quiet confidence that for the moment I was startled."

"Well then, doctor, I am a lord, and the heir presumptive to an earldom."

Shortly after this crushing disclosure, a vessel is spoken, the captain of which declines to take charge of the mutineers, but consents to put four or five hands from his own crew on board the *Fingal*. Reinforced by this accession to their numbers, the captain and his friends steer for St. Helena, meaning to land their prisoners there. But they are so imprudent, in an access of joy at obtaining timely succour, as to brew a bowl of punch, and relax their vigilance in guarding their arch enemy, Molyneux. He takes advantage of the opportunity to set the ship on fire and escape with his Lascars in the general confusion. The victims of punch have just time to lower a boat, and find themselves "adrift" on the South Atlantic. The ladies behave like heroines. Emily Paley sat quietly holding her sister's hand, while Mrs. Stebbings, two of whose sons had been murdered by the mutineers, sat "watching with a motherly pride the admirable rowing of her sole surviving one." After drifting a week, and encountering a fearful storm, they sight land. But instead of St. Helena, it proves to be the rocky island of Trinidad, about two hundred leagues from South America. The captain, however, is noways disconcerted by this discovery. "He knows all about the rock, having received minute information on the subject from a Portuguese captain in Sydney." Reassured by this report, the wanderers land, and refresh themselves with turtle and oranges. An expedition sets out to explore the island. In the course of their rambles they come on a stone building, with a garden gorgeous with tropical flowers, with a fountain playing from a marble jar borne on the shoulders of a nude Nereid. Entering, they hear the voice of—Molyneux! There is nothing for it but to seize and carry him off before any of his band return. This exploit is accomplished with perfect success. When the gag is removed, he proves as cool and audacious as ever, and informs his old friend the doctor that since leaving the poor old *Fingal* he has snared a ship with half-a-million of gold on board. Considering he only left the former vessel a week before in an open boat, the feat of scuttling an Australian galleon with all its passengers reflects great credit on his industry and ingenuity. It is a little remarkable, moreover, that two open boats starting at the same time from the same point should come to the same identical rock without ever sighting each other. But this stage of the *dénouement* of the story suggests a further question. If here was his lurking den, and passing gold-ships his prey, what could have induced Molyneux to go out of his way to serve as mate on "the poor old *Fingal*," the mastery of which could give him little more than two consumptive girls and a very tough old woman? We cannot invent any hypothesis to account for this—it remains an inscrutable mystery. To revert to the sequel of the story, which may be told in a few words. The captain and his party begin to despair of attracting the attention of any ship, and are forced to accept the proffered aid of their prisoner. He engages to make a beacon which shall be seen far out to sea, and yet be entirely hid from his own comrades, on condition of freedom when the ship signalled comes within a hundred yards of the shore. By an ingenious device, he succeeds in doing this; and a ship approaches, and Molyneux is about to claim his release, when the material of his beacon, consisting of stones and barrels, suddenly descends from the erag on which he had planted it, and kills him in its fall. When, after being rescued, and enjoying a comfortable tea on board Her Majesty's frigate *D—*, Mr. Harper Atherton—animated by the same sort of interest that Jehu showed for the remains of Jezebel—looks towards the place where the body of Molyneux lies, he sees it stretched on the shore, devoured by vultures.

We should accord to this volume any merit rather than that

of probability. In spite of a great deal of absurdity, and a strong flavour of Adelphi melodrama, there is decided vigour in the sketching of the various characters; and the interest of the story, however incongruous the details, is well sustained. There are passages which show considerable descriptive power. We may conclude by extracting the following, which is one of the best. It is the night on which the mutiny broke out:—

I had subsided into that state of semi-insensibility which immediately precedes deep sleep—was wandering, in fancy, with Lascar sailors, and dreamily wondering where those gun-reports came from and what that strange noise was in the bath-room—when a thin streak of light, falling directly on my face, made me open my eyes, and suddenly become wide awake again. The light I saw came through a hole in the partition which divided my cabin from the bath-room; but in a few moments it vanished; then, for an instant, it reappeared, and then growing fainter by degrees, it finally faded out. I kept my eye on the spot through which the ray had come, whilst I listened to hear if any one left the room. That some one was there I had no doubt; otherwise, how was I to account for the light? Then, again, how came that hole in the partition? Had I been asleep and dreamt I heard some one scratching at the partition? Had I heard the sounds of guns or pistols and the screams of men and women? I tried to collect my thoughts, which seemed to spread like circles in a stream, and break one within another. . . . . As the light did not reappear, I listened intently for any noise in the bath-room. I heard nothing—nothing but the full, healthy breathing of the old Colonel below. I felt glad some one shared the cabin with me, for I began to experience the strangest fit of nervousness and trembled from head to foot. A faint memory of cries and shouts and similar noises haunted me, and set me musing with indefinite apprehensions. "I will take some physic to-morrow," I said to myself, "as I evidently am not well." . . . . Still it was very strange that no one left the bath-room; and, as it was just possible that whoever had gone there had been taken ill, I made up my mind to light my lamp and get up. I took a match, struck it (I can see its blue trail flickering on the painted wainscot now!) and was just putting it to the lamp when my arm was palsied and my blood frozen at my heart by a long, low, agonized wail; and, before I could draw a breath, the door of my cabin was smashed open with one blow, and the next instant the Lascar sailor, bearing a huge sledgehammer, and the first officer, with a revolver in his hand, stood before me.

We have seldom read a more vivid and truthful description of the feverish, dreamy sensations with which a man re-awakens to the consciousness of impending danger, and, the strange jumble which the mind makes, under such circumstances, of the actual and the ideal.

#### MEMOIR OF SIR RALPH ABERCROMBY.\*

THIS memoir of Sir Ralph Abercromby will be a valuable addition to a soldier's library. It suggests one very encouraging observation—that the art of war may be learned amid disaster and defeat, and that individual reputation may be enhanced even where national glory is miserably sacrificed. In the unfortunate campaigns of the Duke of York in Holland, Sir Ralph Abercromby gained confidence both in himself and in his soldiers, at the same time that he became known to the British Government as a prudent and resolute commander, who would countenance no rash schemes, and whom no difficulties would deter from executing a well-considered project. The military career of Sir Ralph Abercromby, until its splendid close, had been either uneventful or unprosperous; and yet Sir Ralph was one of the best officers that ever served a British sovereign. He knew his profession thoroughly, and was heartily devoted to it. When at length fortune threw in his way a possibility of success, he succeeded gloriously. His campaign in Egypt was a finished, workmanlike performance, and he laid the foundation upon which, with larger opportunity, the Duke of Wellington built the splendid edifice of the modern triumphs of the British army. The life of such a man is well worth studying, and through the judicious composition of this *Memoir* it may be studied easily. The book has the unusual merit of not containing a superfluous page.

Sir Ralph Abercromby was born in the county of Clackmannan, in Scotland, in 1734. Both his grandfather and his father lived to become the oldest members of the Scotch Bar. He received his education at Rugby School and at the University of Edinburgh, whence he was sent to Leipsic to study the civil law. He returned with an ardent desire to devote himself to the military profession, and his father had the good sense to yield his own to his son's wish. Thus it happened that his first commission was not obtained until he was twenty-two years old. He served for a short time in Germany, in the British force which composed part of the army of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, and here his good education and steady attention to his duty obtained for him the appointment of aide-de-camp to General Sir William Pitt. From 1760 to 1783 he served almost uninterruptedly in Ireland, and in the last-named year he retired on half-pay. Notwithstanding his love for his profession, he avoided active employment in the American war, because his sympathy was with the revolted colonies. For the next ten years he lived in retirement in Scotland, engaged in the management of a small farm, in reading and reflection, and in the education of his family. He allowed no indulgence and no habits of indolence to impair the energy and activity of his mind, while he retained in all the freshness of youth the ambition and devotion to his country's service which had so long waited for a field of action. In 1793, the Revolutionary war broke out with France; and thus, when about to enter his sixtieth year, he found his first opportunity for distinction. He was appointed to the command of a brigade, and sent to

Belgium under the Duke of York. Two of the regiments of this brigade were totally unfit for service. General Jomini has said that the state of the British army at that time was deplorable, and that its regeneration was only to be dated from the war in Egypt. The Duke of York carried on the war in Belgium and Holland for about two years. During the whole of these campaigns Sir Ralph zealously discharged his duty, and gradually and steadily acquired the respect and confidence of his commander and of the army. The defeats of the Austrians in 1794, and the fall of all the fortresses in rapid succession, compelled the Duke of York to abandon Belgium and retire into Holland. The defence of Holland became impracticable from the severity of the season, and nothing remained but to evacuate the country. On the return of the Duke of York to England, the duty of protecting the retreat devolved principally on Sir Ralph. The judgment with which it was effected, under the constant pressure of a victorious enemy, and in a dreadfully inclement season, attracted general attention. Thus the character of Sir Ralph as a commander was established by this disastrous campaign.

The two following years were spent by Sir Ralph Abercromby in the West Indies, where he commanded a force employed in the conquest of the French and Dutch colonies. The next stage of his career was marked by the display of sound political judgment, reverence for liberty and law, and unflinching moral courage. In December 1797, he was appointed to command the army in oppressed and misgoverned Ireland. His opinions were utterly opposed to the system of tyranny which then prevailed there. But he carefully avoided politics. His objects were to restrain the license and violence of the troops, and to collect them in considerable bodies, so that discipline might be restored, and that they might no longer be, as they had been, formidable to every one except an invading enemy. The practice of his predecessors had been to scatter the army in small detachments all over the country, supporting the violence and relieving the fears of the gentry, living at free quarters, plundering, committing every sort of outrage, and neither capable of concentration nor fit to march in case of the landing of the expedition which had been prepared in France. Immediately on Sir Ralph's arrival, he set to work to correct these evils, which violated all his ideas of discipline; but he met with half-hearted support from the Lord-Lieutenant, and open hostility from his advisers. In truth, he was before his age. His conceptions of justice and moderation, and of the subjection of soldiers to the law, met with no encouragement at Dublin Castle. He had no alternative but to resign his command, after holding it only four months. On quitting Ireland, he was appointed to command the forces in Scotland, whence he was summoned in the following year to England to advise the Government, which was then endeavouring to put in practice its favourite idea of "making a diversion in favour of the Allies" by landing a British force upon the Continent. It is ludicrous to observe the helplessness with which the war was at this time conducted. Having, with infinite trouble—full publicity being meanwhile given to all that was going on—got a small and by no means efficient force together, the question was, where to find a point to which it might be sent without the danger, not exactly of being beaten, but of being swallowed up, by the great armies which operated on the Continent. Mr. Pitt and his Cabinet were as much at a loss what to do with an army when they had raised it as a magician might be who had called up a demon which he could not lay. Sir Ralph Abercromby was summoned to confer with Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas at Walmer Castle, as to the disposition of the troops then encamped in the neighbourhood. It is very amusing to see the veteran officer picking holes in one plan after another, until Mr. Pitt said impatiently, "There are some persons who have a pleasure in opposing whatever is proposed." At this time Ministers had to find employment, not only for the British army, but also for a body of Russian troops which they had taken into pay without very clearly settling what object they were wanted to accomplish. There was, indeed, a notion of restoring the Prince of Orange as Stadtholder to the desiring Dutch, but it appeared on inquiry that the Dutch did not desire. However, something must be done. The army landed in Holland in August, 1789, and it is well known what was the result. "The rare quality of moral courage was never called into action under more painful circumstances than at the close of this campaign, when officers who were ambitious of military fame, and who commanded a defeated, but not dispirited army, found themselves compelled, by a strong and irresistible sense of public duty, to assent to a convention which they were well aware would wound the pride and damp the spirit of the country which they served." But Sir Ralph Abercromby was equal to this severe trial. He took upon himself a full share of the responsibility of advising the Duke of York to enter into the Convention. The Ministers knew that he had disapproved, from the outset, of the enterprise which ended so unhappily, and now, after the lapse of sixty years, the public may know this also. We must quote a line or two here and there from letters of Sir Ralph written at this time to Government. "Above all, you must seriously consider what you are to do with an army of 24,000 men, cooped up in a corner of an impracticable country. . . . We are certainly unfortunate in our Russian allies. The less, however, that is said on that head the better. We must endeavour to keep them in good humour, and there are no such means as giving them meat and drink. . . . I should not be pardonable if I omitted mentioning, in the fullest manner, the abilities and heroism of General Moore." It is much to the credit of Sir

\* Lieutenant-General Sir Ralph Abercromby, K.B., 1793—1801. A Memoir. By his Son, James Lord Dunfermline. Edinburgh Edmonston and Douglas. 1861.



Ralph that he was always ready to render justice to the merits, and to afford full scope to the services, of younger officers. On his return from Holland, Sir Ralph resumed his command in Scotland, and there he remained until he engaged in the service in which he closed his life.

In the year 1800 the British Government had sent its troublesome army into the Mediterranean. It was at first proposed to make a diversion in favour of the Austrians in Italy. But before this could be attempted, Napoleon had gained the battle of Marengo. There was then a plan of attacking Cadiz, which was frustrated by the declaration of Admiral Lord Keith that he could not at that advanced season of the year ensure the co-operation of the fleet. At length Ministers hit upon the right thing. Despatches came out in October ordering an expedition to drive the French from Egypt. The ardour with which Sir Ralph entered upon this service made him look ten years younger. It is one of many features in which this campaign resembles the earlier and happier part of the Crimean war, that Sir Ralph Abercromby and Lord Raglan were nearly of the same age. Another feature of resemblance was the difficulty of getting any useful assistance from our allies the Turks, whose battle we came to fight. Mules had been bought at Smyrna, and the vessels in which they had been embarked were dispersed in a gale. Horses which had been bought at Constantinople arrived in such miserable condition that very few of them were fit for service. Sir Ralph Abercromby wrote home—"The Turkish Government has been lavish of promises, but in no one circumstance have they been fulfilled." The total of the British force employed rather exceeded 16,000 men. All possible arrangements having been made most carefully, a landing was effected in Aboukir Bay, on the 8th of March, 1801. "About fifty men sat in each of the boats with their muskets unloaded, and there were in all about 5000." The troops, fixed to their seats, without the power of resistance or defence, exposed to artillery and musketry, answered only with cheers. "It has seldom, or perhaps never before happened, that a more concentrated fire was brought to bear upon a single and defenceless point." The conduct of General Moore was conspicuous in the operations which secured a footing on the shore of Egypt. No attempt was made to land the camp equipage. Sir Ralph passed the night, which was very cold, under a small hut formed for him by the soldiers from branches of the date-tree. For want of horses, the artillery had to be dragged by men. The horses of the cavalry, numbering two hundred, were so weak that they staggered under their riders. Yet the officer in command accomplished a parallel to the Balaklava charge; on which Sir Ralph remarked that, "by thus undertaking enterprises without object and without use, they risked the lives of valuable men and exposed themselves to failure." Slowly and surely the army drew nearer to Alexandria, and the heavy artillery was coming up to batter its defences. But meanwhile General Menou had gathered all his forces, and on the 21st March, an hour before daybreak, he made the decisive effort. We almost seem to be reading over again the details of the so-called surprise at Inkermann. General Moore had remained with the pickets until four o'clock in the morning; and, as everything had been quiet during the night, he left orders with the field officer to retire his posts at daybreak. No immediate attack was therefore expected on that morning, and the only precaution taken had been that enjoined by a general order to the effect that the troops should be under arms an hour before daylight. It thus fortunately happened that the troops had fallen-in before the attack commenced. It was repulsed with vigour and success. The enemy became sensible that they could make no serious impression with their infantry, and they decided to advance their cavalry, to which the British had nothing to oppose. It rushed, more than once, through and beyond the British lines. The British infantry gave their fire without quitting an inch of ground. The 28th Regiment faced its rear rank to the right-about, and threw in a destructive volley. By this manoeuvre the regiment earned the right to wear its number on the back as well as on the front of the cap. The conduct of another regiment on this day was referred to by Sir John Moore at Corunna, when he said to it, "Forty-second, remember Egypt." All the attacks were alike unsuccessful, and the enemy began to draw off his troops. Sir Ralph Abercromby was fond of saying that it was the duty of a general to avoid danger, and he admitted that his own conduct was a constant transgression of this precept. He, however, excused his own practice of pushing into the thick of it, on the score of his extreme near-sightedness. In the second charge of the French cavalry he was surrounded by them, and received a sabre cut on the breast, and must have been taken or killed if a soldier had not shot his assailant. Later in the day he was wounded in the thigh, by a spent ball, as he said, which gave him no uneasiness. But of this wound he died in a few days, and it was thought that the ball could never have been extracted. Thus, in his sixty-seventh year, he closed his honourable career by a soldier's death. His military character cannot be better illustrated than by an incident which occurred as he was being carried wounded on board Lord Keith's flag-ship. He asked an officer, "What is that you are placing under my head?" The officer replied that it was only a soldier's blanket; on which Sir Ralph said, "Only a soldier's blanket! A soldier's blanket is of great consequence, and you must send me the name of the soldier to whom it belongs, that it may be returned to him." The lesson which Sir Ralph learned from Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick in

his first campaign, of care for the health and comfort of the soldier, was steadily acted upon by him throughout his whole career. His name may be added to the catalogue of worthies who have done their duty nobly under difficulties, and have deserved more fame than they have attained.

#### ENGLISH HOUSEHOLD ANTIQUITIES.\*

THAT this little volume should have reached a second edition in spite of the absence of illustrations, which are never more wanted than in a book of this nature, is a proof of the intelligent interest that is now so widely felt in our national antiquities. The title is ill-chosen and affected. No one would understand from it the real object of the work, which is to describe, by the aid of the literature and the relics of the past, the method of domestic life among our forefathers, not only as to the dwellings which they inhabited, but as to the furniture which they used, and the customs which they followed. The volume is carefully compiled, and the anonymous author has collected and digested an immense number of most curious facts. Not very many of them, indeed, are novel; for the same publisher's handsome and profusely illustrated volumes, entitled *Domestic Architecture*, have already been enriched with the greater part of them. But we have here a compendious and orderly arrangement of them which is not only very amusing reading, but is likely to be very useful for purposes of reference. A short preface vindicates the claim of our national mediæval remains to a share in the interest which has been too often engrossed by the antiquities of ancient Greece and Rome. And the compiler with some truth observes, that "in the details of a picture often consists its greatest charm; and a closer study of the antiquities of domestic life will not lessen, but rather heighten, our interest in the grander and more imposing episodes of our national history."

The author begins, of course, with the British "home," which, after Sir R. C. Hoare, he describes as a kind of conical wigwam, constructed of timber, wattle, and reeds, on a circular foundation of stone, with one door, and an opening at the top for the admission of light and for the escape of the smoke. British barrows have afforded many specimens of earthenware, ornaments of gold, knives, arrow-heads, beads, fibulae, and implements of iron. The Anglo-Roman period is summarily dismissed on the ground that its civilization was in this country wholly exotic. But it may be doubted whether we can understand the purely Saxon age without more regard to that which preceded. We are convinced that by no means enough attention has been paid as yet by modern antiquaries to the vestiges of the Roman occupation and the ages immediately succeeding to it. From the traditions of the artificers of that period must have come the ability to produce all the artistic decorations with which, as our author tells us from the *Beowulf*, a Saxon poem of the fifth century, Hrothgar enriched the great "mead-hall" which he called "Heorot." Flights of steps, steep roofs variegated with gold and carved with pinnacles, coloured walls and floors, elaborate metal work and tapestries—all these betoken a high degree of civilization which is not likely to have been a newly-invented one, but rather to have been the fruit of preceding ages of refinement. And this view is confirmed by a study of the relics which have been found in Saxon barrows. But it is no wonder that scanty justice should be done by general writers to Saxon art, when it is remembered that no special collection of the remains of this period of our insular antiquities has ever been secured for the public. The insignificance of the contents, and the bad arrangement, of the single apartment which is appropriated (but not exclusively) to our own antiquities in the British Museum have long been, and still continue to be, a national disgrace. The average Saxon mansion, there is no doubt, was composed of a considerable hall, built of stone, with unglazed windows and a fire in the midst, the smoke of which made its escape through a hole in the roof; while the private apartment, or apartments, were of timber, without fireplaces, and depending entirely for warmth on abundant wall-hangings of tapestry. Our author describes the life of a Saxon noble and his retainers as rude and coarse, but draws, by way of contrast, ideal pictures of the refinements of the "bowers," or drawing-rooms (as we should now call them), of Judith, the mother of Alfred, of Ethelwynne receiving a morning call from St. Dunstan, and of Edgitha, the wife of Edward the Confessor, exercising that "subtile wit" which is described by Ingulphus.

The Norman home is described as being little more than a gradual improvement upon the domestic habits of the Saxons. It was not till the thirteenth century that any considerable progress was made: and this may be attributed to the influence of the Crusades upon European civilization. The interior arrangements of English mansions were affected much less than might have been supposed by the external changes which are to be traced, in an architectural point of view, from the moated and embattled Norman castle to the Tudor country house, in which the means of defence were no longer provided, except as a matter of form. There was still the one great hall, which was used for all public occasions, and a certain number of subsidiary apartments. The hall was made more and more an architectural feature, being raised on an undercroft of stone vaulting, and furnished with a lofty open roof, and handsome windows, which, however, were not permanently glazed till the fifteenth century. Before that, it

\* *Our English Home: its Early History and Progress.* With Notes on the Introduction of Domestic Inventions. Second Edition. London: J. H. and J. Parker. 1861.

was the custom for the glazed casements to be carried about from manor to manor along with the other furniture. Every man of rank, whether civil or ecclesiastical, was in the habit of travelling with all his retinue from one estate to another, so as to consume the produce of each estate on the spot. It is this custom, or rather necessity, which explains the multitude of manorial houses possessed by every mediæval magnate, and the constant migrations from one to the other. All historical students will remember that Royal writs and documents are frequently dated from the most insignificant places where the Court, on its progress from one Royal manor to another, might happen to be staying. The halls of our colleges and Inns of Court preserve the general arrangements of the common mediæval hall to our own day. Gradually the solar, or private sitting-room, of the master and mistress of the house increased in importance. Its most usual position was at one end of the hall, on an upper level, raised above an apartment which was used as a cellar or a store-room. Existing remains, and the pictorial illustrations which have come down to us in illuminations, besides a host of allusions, more or less explicit, in the romances of the time, have enabled antiquaries to trace with great minuteness the successive introduction of the chief domestic luxuries, such as chimneys, glazed windows, paved floors, and the like. We doubt, however, whether quite enough credit is given to our ancestors for substantial comfort and for the general use of art in domestic arrangements. With respect to the latter, it must be remembered that all the remains of mediæval work, carving in wood or stone, metal work of all kinds, pottery, and embroidery, are in the highest degree beautiful and refined. M. Viollet Le Duc, the accomplished French architect and antiquary, has attempted to reproduce the effect of mediæval interiors of various centuries in some most instructive and interesting drawings. If perhaps he has erred in excess, we have little doubt that the work before us does not take sufficient account of the general artistic effect of a mediæval house and its fittings. With respect to what we now call "comfort," it is certain that all the appliances of tapestried hangings were far inferior to the modern devices of double walls, sashes, and French casements, &c., as means of excluding draughts of air. But then the costume was suited to the houses. The modern drawing-room life was scarcely possible in a mediæval mansion. It was a necessity to dress more warmly; and, as may be seen in very many mediæval illuminations, almost every one, of either sex, went with covered heads. Just in the same way, in a modern farmhouse or cottage it is common enough for hats and bonnets to be worn habitually in-doors.

The pages before us are full of curious information. For instance, we learn that the word *worsted* comes from the village so named, near Norwich, where that kind of stuff began to be extensively manufactured for wall-hangings in the fourteenth century. A still richer fabric similarly used, called *baudekin*, a kind of brocade, is said to have derived its name from Baldaeus, in Babylon, whence, says Blount, it was originally brought. We will extract a passage about the times of meals:—

Our forefathers dined at an hour at which we think it fashionable to breakfast; ten o'clock was the time established by ancient usage for the principal meal. Froissart often alludes to it in a way that proves it to have been the usual hour among the wealthy. In the fifteenth century it approached nearer to noon. In the rules for the regulation of the household of the Princess Cecil, mother of Edward IV., it is laid down that upon ordinary days dinner was to be held at eleven, but upon fasting days at twelve. In the time of Elizabeth the gentry dined at eleven, and the merchants at twelve. We never read of late dinners in the olden time, unless indeed as a freak or from eccentricity. The Comte de Foix, says Froissart, had a strange custom of rising at noon and supping at midnight, which was seven hours after the general evening meal-time. Dinner and supper were the only meals. During the reign of Henry I., Robert, Earl of Meinent, went to the extreme of relinquishing even the supper; and his example was so powerful that it became the established usage for some time, much to the annoyance of the good livers, who sorely grumbled, and accused the earl of maintaining a niggardly household under the pretence of a new code of health. . . . When Richard II. went to arrest the Duke of Gloucester at Pleshy Castle, he arrived about five o'clock, and found that the Duke had supped. The household of the Princess Cecil supped at four. Ten for dinner and five for supper were the hours observed at the University of Cambridge in the time of Edward VI. In the days of Queen Elizabeth, five and six was the supper-time among the higher classes, and husbandmen supped at seven or eight. Notions of gentility appear to have been the reverse of those now prevailing—the earlier hour was then the hour of fashion. Lord Burghley, in 1583, was recommended by his physician to dine at nine or ten, and to sup at six or seven, as most conducive to health. "I never come into my dining-room," says a character in a play of Beaumont and Fletcher's, "but at eleven and six o'clock I find excellent meat and drink upon my table."

It was a mediæval custom for lovers and married pairs to eat off the same platter and to drink of the same hanap. So late as 1752, the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton observed this practice. Walpole's Letters inform us that they sat at the upper end of their table, and ate off the same plate. The introduction of the use of the table-fork into Europe is attributed to a lady of Constantinople, married to a Doge of Venice, whose custom of using a two-pronged fork is commented upon by Peter Damian, in the eleventh century, as a habit of luxury surpassing all conscience. Utensils of glass were another importation from the East. The manufacture was introduced into Venice or Murano from Constantinople. The author pursues his amusing gossip through all the details of a mediæval banquet, its ministers and utensils. Then he proceeds to consider the dishes, of flesh, fish, fowl, and vegetables, which were most common. Yarmouth bloaters, he tells us, were in high repute even in the twelfth century. But our ancestors had no objection to stale fish; and blubber, if they could get it from

a stray whale, or grampus, or porpoise, was considered a delicacy. Vegetables, however, were always scarce. Saffron was perhaps the most common condiment made into a sauce. Coal is first mentioned, we are told, in 1245; and there is a story that a man was executed for burning sea-coal in London after its use had been forbidden by a royal proclamation, in the year 1306. Next we are called to review the history of wines and spices. Sugar was at first regarded as a spice, and was introduced as a substitute for honey after the Crusades. It was sold by the pound in the thirteenth century, and was procurable even in such remote towns as Ross and Hereford. But up to the close of the fifteenth century its price varied from one-and-sixpence to three shillings a pound, "or, on an average, to a sum equivalent to about thirty shillings at present." The kitchen, the chaundrye, and the laundry are separately considered; and the latter subject leads on to a description of mediæval clothing and personal cleanliness. Four shirts was a large allowance for a nobleman in the fifteenth century; and youths of noble rank were sent to college without a change of linen. It is upon record that Bishop Swinfield, for himself and his whole household in the thirteenth century, only spent forty-three shillings and twopence for washing; and the Duke of Northumberland's establishment, in the time of Henry VIII., consisting of one hundred and seventy persons, only cost forty shillings for the laundry expenses of a whole year. On the other hand, the institution of "tubbing" was not unknown. Baths are frequently mentioned in the romances, and are occasionally depicted in illuminations. They were large tubs with a curtain over them, after the manner of a modern French bed. Our author is somewhat inconsistent as to mediæval bedchambers. No doubt the hall was used for the sleeping-place of strangers and retainers, and we believe that the long galleries in the roofs of Tudor houses, such as Bramshill and Hever, were intended for the sleeping accommodation of numerous guests rather than as ball-rooms. But the chief bed-rooms, though they may have been built of timber in a very temporary fashion, were no doubt made, by their hangings and fittings, very different from the mere "cow-shed" to which they are here compared. How is this to be reconciled with the assertion (which is supported, moreover, by examples) that, "in the days of chivalry, my lady's chamber possessed all that the luxury of the age could devise;" and, again, among many similar instances, that "glass, even when far too rare and costly for the hall, shone in the casement of my lady's bower?" The compiler refutes his own assertion by adducing innumerable examples of costliness and comfort of mediæval beds and their furniture. We read of a feather-bed, *unum lectum plumalem*, early in the fourteenth century; and about the same time, one Thomas Blaket, or Blanket, of Bristol, introduced the woollen fabric which still goes by his name. The warming-pan, however, did not make its appearance till Tudor times, though skewers of bone, wood, or silver were superseded by pins two centuries earlier.

Having finished his amusing and instructive review of all the details used in the domestic life of our mediæval forefathers, our author takes up again the actual fabric, and dates the introduction of a "parlour," as separate from the common hall, from that same fourteenth century to which so many improvements are to be credited. This innovation, however, led to the gradual abandonment of the hall itself. The family found that it was more agreeable to take their meals in private, and in spite of Piers Ploughman's denunciations, and Bishop Grosseteste's advice, and even royal edicts, the common feast in the hall went out of fashion. This led of course to the omission of the hall itself in new houses. Meanwhile, the parlour, made more and more comfortable by the addition of a chimney, was developed into the ordinary apartment of a modern house.

We could wish that the habitations of the poorer classes had been more carefully noticed in these pages; but the scanty details that are given are full of interest. The author's facts, though equally valuable, are less novel, as he proceeds through Tudor times to the seventeenth century. He chronicles the introduction of breakfast as a usual meal early in the eighteenth century, and the first use of coffee in 1637. Tea came in rather later; and mahogany furniture dates only from 1724. This is the latest innovation commemorated in these pages. The compiler concludes with the encouraging observation that "the homes of English artisans of the nineteenth century are surrounded with more conveniences, and possess within themselves more of the accessories to comfort, than were enjoyed by the majority of the nobility in the vaunted days of chivalry." We can commend very warmly this unpretending little volume. It will afford very amusing and instructive reading, not only for the schoolroom, but for persons of all ages; and its curious information, properly used, will throw great light on many passages of our earlier literature.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE fifth and last volume of Professor Ranke's *History of France*\* is devoted entirely to a critical review of some of his authorities. No one is so competent to such a task as the historian who is fresh from the labour of reconciling their contra-

\* *Französische Geschichte, vornämlich im sechzehnten und siebzehnten Jahrhundert.* Von Leopold Ranke. Fünfter Band. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Franz Thimm. 1861.



dictions and balancing their rival claims; and there are few undertakings for which the student ought to be more grateful. It gives him his only chance of following with success the plan of studying history in its original sources, which so many great authorities are now in the habit of enforcing. It is needless to say that Professor Ranke has performed it with careful exactitude, and yet without tediousness. He is not a lenient judge, and few modern historians could abide the searching ordeal to which he submits their predecessors. But the rigour with which he hunts out petty offences of carelessness or partisanship increases the value of his review to the student. He begins with Davila, whose sins against the Huguenots are nothing extenuated. Davila's source of error was twofold. In the first place, he was a Papist, and found it difficult to believe in Huguenot virtue; and in the second place, he was a man of a symmetrical turn of mind. He started upon the principle that all events ought to be fitted into a theory; and, having elaborated a theory of the wars of the League, he fitted all the facts into it. His theory was, naturally enough, borrowed from the civil disturbances that were passing in France before his eyes. He saw that the Soubises and Rohans who were struggling with Louis XIII. in his time, though they called themselves Protestant leaders, cared a great deal more for politics than religion. They were the political Dissenters of their day, and valued the Protestant cry chiefly for the aid which it gave them in their attempt to subordinate the regal to the aristocratic power. Davila concluded that this political *arrière-pensée* was the specific character of Protestant cries, and drew the most unjust inference that the Huguenots who fought against the Guises were as anti-monarchical and as lukewarm for their creed as their degenerate successors. Starting with this fixed idea, he treats the whole wars of the League as a factious struggle. Religion was the mask—personal ambition, so far as the leaders were concerned, was the reality. The pretended antagonism of Calvinist and Papist was only created to screen the rivalries of Bourbons, Colignys, Montmorencys, Condés, and Guises. Into this theory the facts are required to fit themselves, and very often the operation can be successfully carried through with only the help of a little chipping and paring, or the omission of a few of the most stubborn. But occasionally a downright invention is necessary to make Davila's theory run quite smoothly. Professor Ranke exhibits in detail a few of the worst instances of the ingenuity with which Davila dressed up the earnest Coligny to act the part of one of the factious Protestants of his own generation. He has done quite enough to strip the Italian historian of all claim to absolute reliance. To the relations of the Venetian Ambassadors, who come next, he is more favourable. Possibly he has a parental interest in their reputation, as he was one of the first to draw attention to their singular value. He gives large extracts from those that are least known, but says nothing to impeach their reliability. Upon the much disputed *Memoirs* and *Testament* of Richelieu, he sums up the evidence with great impartiality, and gives a very doubtful and qualified decision at the end. They are a mosaic of very valuable and very worthless fragments. Many portions are simply reproductions of pamphlets of the day, which it is quite impossible that the great Minister can have wished to claim as his own, or to transmit with his endorsement to posterity. On the other hand, there are passages in which the master's hand and the Minister's intimate knowledge cannot be mistaken. Professor Ranke thinks that the mystery may be explained by supposing that Richelieu had formed a plan both of a history and a political Testament, of which he had only lived to execute portions here and there; and that the fragments were pieced together, with additions of other material, by some unskilful hand after his death. The probability of this explanation is confirmed by a draft which he discovered in the Minister's handwriting, of a history of his own time, to be written in six books. The remainder of the volume—with the exception of a few treatises of minor importance—is devoted to the reproduction of a large selection out of the correspondence of Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, sister-in-law of Louis XIV., with the Electress Sophia. She was a great letter-writer, and much of her correspondence has already appeared. The letters, however, to the Electress Sophia, which lie in the Archives at Hanover, are now printed for the first time.

Dr. Anton Henne, a Swiss professor, has published a laborious collation of the *Klingenberger Chronicle*, a record of events in Northern Switzerland and the neighbouring countries, from the middle of the thirteenth to the middle of the fifteenth century. It bears date about the year 1500, and therefore from its age is a monument of some historical value. But this date was assigned by the last contributor to it, and a good deal of it is probably much older. It is cited by Tschudi and other early Swiss historians, but was supposed to have been lost. In reality, however, it existed in two or three Swiss libraries in a fragmentary form. Dr. Henne had the good fortune to discover another and more perfect MS. in the archives of a suppressed convent, which turned out to be the copy that Tschudi himself had used, and was thus identified as the *Klingenberger Chronik*.<sup>\*</sup> Henne has edited it from his own copy, giving various readings in the notes. He tells his story very undoubtingly. But a vein of pugnacity which runs through his preface betrays an uncomfortable doubt whether his contemporaries will accept it as readily as he has

done. By his own confession he has once before found himself in the unpleasant predicament of a *savant incompris*. The chief interest of the chronicle, as far as events of celebrity are concerned, is the additional evidence it furnishes to the truth of the Rütli Confederacy. Dr. Henne is naturally a vehement defender of the legends of Tell, and of the revolt of the three cantons, which have been impugned, somewhat too rashly, by the unsparing scepticism of modern historical critics. His note on the passage in the chronicle relating to these events gives a full and tolerably exhaustive summary of all that there is to be said on the non-sceptical side of the controversy.

A third part of M. Findel's *History of Freemasonry*<sup>\*</sup> brings the work down as far as the opening of the revolutionary epoch, travelling through each country in turn, and chronicling in greater or less detail the various events which threatened the existence of the brotherhood. Its chief danger lay in the divisions which the restless temper of the times bred within its bosom. It could not but be affected by the contagion of the visionary enthusiasm which characterized the last half of the eighteenth century, and of which the French Revolution was the ultimate fruit. Minor dangers it had to sustain from the hostility which timid Governments had even then begun to show to it. In 1738, Pope Clement XII. issued a bull against the fraternity, which produced a severe persecution in some places. The book is the work of a very devoted mason, and many of its allusions are totally unintelligible to the uninitiated. But he drops enough to show that Masonry is not safe from the infection of our prosaic age, and that much of the imaginative spirit to which it owes its peculiarities is passing away. It is instructive to find so enthusiastic a mason quoting with approbation the remark of some heretical brother who complains that "the useless and ridiculous ceremonies fill him with loathing." The so-called "higher grades," moreover—Templars, and so forth—are spoken of with uniform dislike, whether in the past tense or in the present.

Professor Munk's *History of Roman Literature*<sup>†</sup> is published as a school-book. In England it would certainly have claimed a much more ambitious title. A great deal less of the original, and a great deal more of the dull, enters into the traditional composition of our school-books. Professor Munk's book does not profess to include the results of any deep research; but it gives an excellent picture of the later Roman literature—thoughtful in its matter, and readable in its manner. He calls it an account of the "post-classical literature of the Romans." Is it not carrying purism rather far to include Juvenal and Tacitus under that designation?

In republishing his text-book of the *Ecclesiastical Law of all Christian Confessions*,<sup>‡</sup> M. Walter has a right to all the self-congratulations which the thirteenth edition of a book published forty years ago can suggest. The cause of a popularity so solidly attested is not very easy to discover. For the general public its merits are very few. It professes to deal with the ecclesiastical law of all Christian denominations; but the Church of Rome is the only one on which any detailed exposition is bestowed. The others are dismissed with two or three paragraphs a piece. Even so limited, it might have been useful, if it had been more impartially executed. A dispassionate analysis of the Roman system in all its minuter details would form a valuable book of reference to men of all sects. But the author is so keen an Ultramontane as to be incompetent to the task of a dispassionate analysis. A good deal of the book is thrown away in a polemical statement and defence of the theological position of the Church of Rome, which has nothing whatever to do with a text-book of ecclesiastical law; and the rest is written in a moderate, but still in a thoroughly controversial spirit. A judgment may be formed of the temper of the book from the statement, confidently advanced as the result of a long argument, that the False Decretals had no material influence in changing the discipline of the Church; and its accuracy may be estimated from the statement that "English rectors do not manage their parishes themselves, but generally out of their rich incomes pay a curate to act as substitute." The book may very likely be useful to the Roman Catholic clergy, as furnishing them with a repertory of controversial commonplaces; and that utility may account for its extensive circulation.

Some time ago, the friends of Mendelssohn collected, by advertisement, as many of his letters as they could obtain, with the intention of publishing them in a biography. Some obstacle, however—probably the difficulty of publishing private and free comments on other men while the subjects of them were still alive—has caused this project to be indefinitely postponed. In its place his brother has published a small volume of letters written while he was on a journey which he took in the years 1830-32, just after he came of age. A better selection could not have been made for the purpose of giving an agreeable impression of his character. They are simple and kindly, full of

<sup>\*</sup> *Geschichte der Freimaurerei*. Von J. G. Findel. Dritte Lieferung. Leipzig: Luppe. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

<sup>†</sup> *Geschichte der römischen Literatur für Gymnasien und höhere Bildungsanstalten*. Von Prof. Dr. E. Munk. Dritter Theil. Geschichte der nachclassischen Literatur der Römer. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

<sup>‡</sup> *Lehrbuch der Kirchenrechts aller Christlichen Confessionen*. Von F. Walter. Dreizehnte Ausgabe. Bonn: Marcus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

<sup>§</sup> *Reisebriefe von Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy aus den Jahren 1830 bis 1832*. Leipzig: Hermann Mendelssohn. London: Thimm. 1861.

<sup>\*</sup> *Die Klingenberger Chronik*. Herausgegeben von Dr. Anton Henne von Sargans. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

vigorous enjoyment, and showing a sympathy for other departments of art and other forms of beauty which great musical geniuses are commonly reproached with wanting. They are chiefly written from Italy and Switzerland—a few only from Paris and London. The London letters are so full of his professional engagements that they are the least interesting of the series. Before he started on his tour he paid a visit for a few days to Goethe—just a year before his death—at Weimar. His letters give a vivid sketch of the old man's mode of life and manner in conversation; and he appears to have carried away a more favourable impression of him than was always left on the minds of those who have recorded their recollections of him at that period of his life. But then Goethe was very affectionate, and his almost fulsome compliments to the young musician were, no doubt, very gratifying.

Dr. Henke, of Marburg, has published a lecture which he delivered last winter to the inhabitants of that city, upon their great mediæval martyr and hero, Conrad of Marburg,\* the confessor of St. Elizabeth. He starts with the announcement that he intends to observe a mean between the idolatry with which some have regarded Conrad and the unsparing invective that has been directed against him by others; but whether it be that facts are too strong for him, or that he involuntary warms with his work, the lecture before its close assumes the form of a tolerably vigorous philippic. Whatever the animus, however, the story is pleasantly told, with an abundance of pungent anecdotes. His subject gives the Doctor an opportunity of drawing a very striking picture of the horrible persecutions which raged in the South of Germany and France during the first half of the thirteenth century.

The new number of the *Historical Inquiries*† of the Bavarian Commission contains a great variety of matter, ranging from an attempt to reconcile Zosimus and Lozomen to a list of the various places at which the Emperor Maximilian resided during each month, and sometimes each week, of his wandering reign. The most valuable article in the number appears to be an inquiry into the money of ancient Germany, by M. Soelberg. He starts from the ring-money of the earliest times, and the rainbow-money, of whose origin no record exists, but of which so many specimens have been found, and which received its name from the popular superstition that it is shed upon the ground by rainbows. He concludes it to have had no connexion with the Teutonic races, but to have been a rude imitation of the Greek stater, current among the Celts who preceded the Teutons in the southern part of what is now Germany. The paper reaches, in this number, as far as the date of the Lombard migration, and will no doubt be continued at a future period.

The *Dance of Death*, which was discovered last autumn in the Marienkirche in Berlin, has been copied and described in a handsome volume‡ by M. Lübke. Out of thirty-four of these strange mediæval relics of whose existence we have the record, there are but nine of which even the vestiges survive to the present moment. The interest, therefore, which this first detection of this addition to their number, beneath the many strata of white-wash under which the care and taste of successive Governments had concealed it, was naturally very keen. It has been laid bare with the greatest care, and copied off as rapidly as the difficulty of deciphering it would permit. The editor calls attention more than once, with great feeling, to the hardships he underwent in copying it in the cold church all through last winter's frosts. Whatever his sufferings, he has performed his task with success. The drawing is forcible, and, presuming it to be faithful, gives a vivid idea of the original. The latter appears to be in a good state of preservation—only one or two out of twenty-eight pair of figures being absolutely lost, and not many seriously disfigured. The editor judges it to have been the work of an artist of the Flemish school, and to have been painted about the year 1470. Its merits as a work of art do not seem to be very high. All the varied dramatic expression which some of these paintings give to the different figures in the dance is wholly wanting here. From pope to usurer they have all the same helpless, listless look. On the other hand, some attempt is made to preserve the characteristics of their various vocations. It is rather fuller in the number of its figures than most of the other dances of death—the original number of couples not having usually exceeded twenty-four. Another peculiarity of it is the appearance of the devil in the capacity of piper to the dance, sitting crouched at the Franciscan's feet, and playing a sort of bagpipe.

We cannot help calling the attention of those who luxuriate in elaborate statistics to a little volume from the pen of Dr. Block, published by Perthes, on the statistics of France.§ It is the most skilful distillation of the essence of many blue-books we have seen. The extreme condensation is effected by the contrivance, very common in Germany, but which has only been sparingly imitated in England, of expressing in maps of varying depth of

colour the varying prevalence among the population of each particular attribute under discussion. In this way a vast mass of tabular information concerning the condition of the people is conveyed intelligibly and concisely in a dozen small tinted maps.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

CONTENTS OF No. 312, OCTOBER 19, 1861.—

Earl Russell at Newcastle. Democratic Imperialism.  
Lord Palmerston on Crumming. America.  
The Coronation of the King of Prussia. Oratory and Science.  
Monetary Affairs. The Brighton Clergy and Sunday Excursions.  
Games. Municipal Rhetoric.  
Lord Normanby and the Italian Princes. Official Responsibility.  
Spurgeon on Shrews. The Art of Saying Nothing.  
Autumn Annals. The Armstrong Gun.

Letters and Papers of Archbishop Laud. L'Ancien Figaro.  
Dr. Twiss on the Law of Nations.  
Adrift. Memoir of Sir Ralph Abercromby.  
English Household Antiquities. German Literature.

London: Published at 38, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

### ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the Management of Miss LOUISA PYNE and Mr. W. HARRISON.  
WILL OPEN, for the Sixth Season, on MONDAY, October 21st, 1861, with (first time) an entirely New Opera by Howard Glover, entitled RUY BLAS. Principal Characters by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss Thirwall, Miss Jessie McClean (her first appearance on the English stage), Mr. Santley, Mr. A. St. Albyn, Mr. Pacey, and Mr. W. Harrison. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. Doors open at half-past six, commence at seven. Box office open daily from Ten to Five o'clock.

### ROYAL ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

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RE-OPENED for the Season, on MONDAY, October 14th. A COZY COUPLE, in which Mr. and Mrs. F. Matthews will appear. After which, A SCRAP OF PAPER: Mr. Alfred Wigan, Mr. Belmont, Miss Herbert, Miss Moore, and Mrs. Alfred Wigan. To conclude with JONE ON BOTH SIDES: Mr. George Vining, Mr. Robins, and Mr. and Mrs. F. Matthews. Commence at Half-past Seven.

### ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. SWANBOROUGH, Sen.  
Tremendous Success of the New Burlesque of "Emeralds, or the Sensation Goat."—Great Hit of the New Comic Drama of "Short and Sweet."—Second Week of the "Particulars of that Affair at Finchley."  
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**POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.**—On Monday, 21st, and daily, at Three and Half-past Seven (except Wednesday), New Lecture by Professor J. H. PEPPER, on the "ART OF BALANCING," explaining the principles on which BLONDIN and LEOPARD perform their wonderful feats. New Musical Entertainment, entitled "OUBI BOULET," by the Gremont Musical Union, the Greenhead Family. Lecture by J. H. PEPPER, Esq., on the Prevention of Railway Catastrophes and Collisions, and Haworth's Patent Pencilholder and New Street Railway. Master Artifice, the youthful dancer, accompanied by Master Jefferys, the juvenile punster. The Series of Miscellaneous Dissolving Views, with Descriptive Lecture, by J. D. MALCOLM, Esq., illustrating "The Citizen of the World." Beautiful Electrical Experiments, by Mr. J. L. KING. All the other Entertainments as usual. Open from Twelve to Five, and from Seven to Ten. Admission to the whole, 1s.

N.B.—JOHN SNELL, Waterman, of Hampton, will illustrate the ROPE FEATS.

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\* Konrad von Marburg. Von Dr. Henke. Marburg: Elwert. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

† *Forschungen zur Deutschen Geschichte*. Herausgegeben von der historischen Commission bei der K. Bayerischen Akademie der Wissenschaften. Göttingen: Dieterich. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

‡ *Der Totentanz in der Marienkirche zu Berlin*. Herausgegeben von Wilhelm Lübke. Berlin: Riegel. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

§ *Bevölkerung des französischen Kaiserreichs in ihren wichtigsten statistischen Verhältnissen dargestellt*. Von Dr. Block. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.



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October 17th, 1861.

JOHN OLIVER, Warden.

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Nov. 15, 1830 .....	£ 1000	£ 8.	£ 8.
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" 1840 .....	1000	700 0	1700 0
" 1845 .....	1000	315 0	1315 0
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